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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1900.

The Week.

Our escape from Hearst does not free us from the duty of weighing rightly the forces which alone made him formidable. Recognition of this is general. Major Henry Higginson of Boston observes that in Massachusetts, too, corporations and the rich at ease in Zion had their fright. On this, Major Higginson remarks with point: "It is the old story about a larger and wider philosophy and religion which have got to come to the front and choke such nonsense as Hearst and his followers put out." Governor-elect Hughes gives gratifying proof that he is alert to the demands of the hour. Frankly stating that many who voted for his opponent did so in an intense desire to "end abuses," Mr. Hughes asks their support in the task of "squaring the administration of the Government with the interest of the people." But what can he or any man do? Well, Mr. Hughes can apply with great advantage his rare business talent to the business of the State. He can introduce method, economy, efficiency, where they are sorely lacking. Useless commissions, the surplusage of employees, dawdlers fattening on the treasury, he can cut away. The Railroad Commission he can make a really effective instrument to bring railway corporations to their senses and the people to their rights. Above and beyond all this, however, something must be done to satisfy the deep craving for a more perfect establishment of justice in our public affairs. It is the rankling sense of injustice somewhere that lends to the Hearst movement its real significance. Wild impossibilities will, no doubt, be demanded. Hearst promised them freely; Hughes will be asked to execute them. But the State can guard no man against the consequences of idleness and vice. There are economic laws, and especially moral laws, beyond reversal or even tinkering by the Legislature. Yet there is a root of dissatisfaction and suspicion which can be torn out by an upright Governor and an honest Legislature. It is the special privilege, the bought favor, the sinister influence, the corrupt alliance which have so often made Albany execrated. And it is to the removal of this prevalent feeling that wealth and political power can freely work their will at the seat of government that Mr. Hughes should bend his best efforts.

President James J. Hill's address before the Merchants Club of Chicago on

Saturday evening, a re-statement of the case for reciprocity or, if possible, free trade with Canada, is marked by a powerful grasp of fact and a prophetic sense of inevitable business developments. No one can question his mastery of the commercial problems of this continent. The demonstration of his knowledge lies in his past achievements in the Northwest; and his present large projects across the border attest his faith in the speedy coming there of a vast production and immense markets. With a fine sweep of business imagination, Mr. Hill showed how nature had indicated a unified growth of agriculture and industry and transportation on this continent. Stupid national policies for a time hinder progress. But a mighty development in western Canada is impending, whether laws favor it or hamper it. The question for Americans is simply whether they mean to get into natural relations with it, and profit by it, or to keep up the foolish tradition of isolation and antagonism. The same idea is urged by that veteran champion of close political and commercial relations between the United States and Canada, Prof. Goldwin Smith: "Reciprocity is the voice of nature, and her dictate to all whom she has made partners in her bounty on this continent." Thus the wide-awake business man agrees with the philosophical writer and publicist; even if a protective tariff attempts to expel nature with a fork, she is bound to come back. Politically, Mr. Hill's speech serves to point afresh the lost opportunity of the Democrats in the recent campaign. They threw away a winning issue of statesmen to chase after the false and losing issues raised by demagogues. But it is not yet too late to move upon Congress and the President. Mr. Roosevelt would doubtless sympathize with appeals from New England and the Northwest. Secretary Root would be more than favorable to reasonable proposals of reciprocity.

President Roosevelt has decided upon a punishment of the colored soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry which is without precedent in the annals of the army. Because some of their number, under great provocation, "shot up" the town of Brownsville, Texas, killing one man and seriously wounding a policeman, three companies of this brave regiment are to be dishonorably discharged by executive order, the innocent with the guilty. The special reason for this action is that, when threatened with this fate, the soldiers still refused to tell who were the guilty ones. That many thus summarily treated are innocent of any wrongdoing, or even of knowledge of the

wrongdoers, is admitted by the Southern-born officer who advocated this drastic punishment. The seriousness of the original offence we cannot and would not mitigate. It was a gross breach of discipline—not unheard of, however; for the Ninth Cavalry had a similar fracas in Texas in 1899; and the white soldiers of the Fourth Cavalry, when stationed at Fort Walla Walla, Washington, formed a mob, stormed the town jail, and lynched, on April 22, 1891, a civilian who had killed one of their comrades. Yet no companies of the Fourth Cavalry were mustered out. Their colonel, Charles E. Compton, was tried for neglect of duty, found guilty, and sentenced to suspension. This is the correct military procedure. In every foreign service the officers are held accountable for the conduct of their men. Mr. Roosevelt should first have asked the white officers, How did your men get out of hand? How was it that they obtained their arms and ammunition? Where were the officer of the day and the officer of the guard? Knowing the provocation, where were your precautions? If these officers had failed to give satisfactory reasons, then they would have confessed their lack of fitness for command. But even if it was necessary to punish the troops for failing to "peach" on one another, the regiment might have been stationed for a probationary period in Alaska, just as a rowdy battalion of the British Guards was sent to Gibraltar. Many of the men, and particularly the non-commissioned officers, have served for upwards of twenty years with honor, on the frontier, in the Spanish war, and the Philippine insurrection, with the promise that they would be retired on a pension after thirty years' service. Now they are turned out to shift for themselves. Thus the President's action constitutes a grave breach of contract, which has been almost unanimously condemned by the press.

The part that luck plays in men's lives was never more clearly exemplified than in the career of the late Major-Gen. William R. Shafter. An excellent regimental officer in the Civil War, he was content at its close to apply for a lieutenant's commission in the regular army. By the error of a clerk, he was appointed a lieutenant-colonel, thanks to which he became in 1879 colonel of the First Infantry. In this position he displayed every necessary quality. For years Shafter's First Infantry was unequalled in the service for discipline and efficiency. On the outbreak of the war with Spain, fate again gave Gen. Shafter an unexpected promotion. The

original intention of the McKinley Administration was to make a mere reconnaissance about Santiago, with perhaps five thousand men in all. For the command of this expedition, Gen. Miles named Gen. Shafter as an excellent brigadier. Subsequently, as the Santiago expedition became of dominant importance, Gen. Shafter was forced into a part for which nature had never intended him. How he bore the responsibility is well known. That the expedition did not turn out a complete failure was not his fault. But with Secretary Alger's backing, it was easy for him to say that he had in one hundred and thirteen days done what President McKinley had asked—take Santiago and end the war. Fortunately, however, the sense of humor of the American people prevented any such hero-worship of Shafter as later marked the career of Admiral Dewey. Neither President McKinley nor Secretary Alger could make a great man or great soldier out of Gen. Shafter. With admirable sanity, the public estimated him at his precise worth, and felt that the major-generalcy which Congress subsequently bestowed upon him was sufficient reward for what were at best painstaking and honest services.

From fighting bosses, Secretary Bonaparte has gone through the stages of being something of a Maryland boss himself, and finally of coming to believe that a party boss would be a pretty good thing if only he got his office by election, not bribery. Mr. Bonaparte just "throws out the idea" for others to work up. Most such ideas are just as well left "thrown out"—upon the rubbish heap. The notion seems to be that a political party is capable of one supreme act of virtue and wisdom in choosing a boss, but that thereafter it must confess itself unable to pick out intelligently so much as a candidate for sheriff. In effect, this is much like calling upon a man to exercise his reason long enough to choose an infallible guide, and then never to trust reason again. But the theoretical objections to Mr. Bonaparte's plan are no stronger than the practical. Bosses cannot, in fact, be made in the way he suggests, nor will men cease trying to prove their powers in the rough and tumble of party contests. Instead of producing harmony, it would only multiply strife to have an elective boss parcelling out all the offices. The Secretary's scheme, which is, so far as outlined, pretty vague and dreamy, falls singularly ill with the greatly heightened power and importance of party primaries, under the direct system. Just when voters are having more to do with nominations than ever, Mr. Bonaparte tells them that they are really not equal to that job at all, and should call upon a Hercules in the form of a boss to relieve them of it.

A cynic might find a certain amusement in the suddenness with which this city annually becomes artistic. After a six months' torpor there is an explosion. The dealers wake up on Fifth Avenue, the artists' exhibitions begin, the clubs start their periodical shows, and this year, as if the fixtures were not enough, the Metropolitan Museum founds a department of Egyptian antiquities, and the National Arts Club formally opens commodious new quarters, especially dedicated to the cause of industrial art. Surely, if art languishes, it is not for the lack of delicate, or at least expensive, attentions. It is very evident that on the commercial side—always an important one—art depends on the handful of people who can and do spend lavishly upon the furnishing of their houses or upon collecting in the stricter sense. Doing something for art means, at bottom, attracting the dollars of this class. Its taste regulates the demand which the artist must meet, or lack clients. If art is at a low ebb among us, it is because such patrons usually have no personal taste of any sort. Their barbaric love of simple acquisition is directed by the flattery of dealers and furnishers. The result is that the mania of this country presents an aspect that recalls the imperial days of Rome. There is an indiscriminate mixture of the best and the worst. Beside the Renaissance bronze stands the modern forgery. In the same room with the priceless carpets of old Persia are base imitations of ancient tapestries. Throughout such houses or collections the story is the same; and frequently the intrinsically poor or fraudulent object has been paid for at the highest price, and is correspondingly valued by the infatuate owner. Anything like personal quality is of the rarest. There prevails a frightful monotony of expensiveness—the same rugs, the same porcelains, the same portraits by the same fashionable painters. Everywhere one witnesses merely the focussing of a little group of commercial interests upon a pile of new money. There is every reason to believe that the collectors of Roman times and of the Renaissance were in a humbler attitude towards art. They sought the acquaintance of artists, and trained their taste by discourse with the competent. Their pride was in the beauty of the work they possessed, not in the price they had paid for it.

The bitter cry of the ill-paid college professor is filling the land. In report after report our university presidents—Schurman of Cornell and Butler of Columbia have just spoken—have pictured the unhappy lot of the occupants of professorial chairs. These teachers and investigators are compelled to see the bills of prosperity go on mounting while salaries remain stationary. From the point

of view of organized labor, the cause of the trouble is as clear as the remedy is simple. College professors have no unions. They neither keep down the number of apprentices, nor shut out "scab" competitors. We sometimes hear of college students going on strike—for this is what a "student rebellion" really is—but the hard-worked professors on small wages never nail up the recitation rooms or smash the windows of the college treasurer. While the Erie Railway employees are vigorously demanding more pay, and threatening to tie up the road, the non-unionized professors are being driven to such desperate expedients as marrying rich wives. With a book agent the nearest thing they know to a walking delegate, they suffer on in helpless patience. They cannot dig, but their presidents are not ashamed to beg for them.

The founding of the *Atlantic Monthly*, with James Russell Lowell as editor, was a notable event in American letters. In celebration of its fiftieth year in 1907 the magazine promises a series of papers by living ex-editors, William Dean Howells, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and Walter H. Page. To one long familiar with the *Atlantic* perhaps the most striking thing is its consistency of character; the motto of its jubilee number might well be *qualis ab incepto*. At times it has leaned a little to that ultra refinement known to mockers as Cambridge weak tea. Again, it has stiffened up and sought for strength in too hasty a reflection of the problems of the day. But in general it has been remarkably successful in combining refinement and strength—a difficult ideal. It is the ablest of our monthlies, standing on a level above even the most attractive of the New York illustrated magazines, whose aim is to flatter the taste of *l'homme moyen sensuel*. Taking all things into consideration, we are inclined to regard it as the best of the general magazines published in the English language to-day. And we regret that its home is not in New York. The influence of such a magazine in the centre of our publishing business would do much to counteract the tone of flashy commercialism that is the mark of New York in literature.

Various heroic clergymen, in this city and elsewhere, are resorting to extreme measures to induce people to come and listen to them preach. Meanwhile, the sermon-problem is being attacked by others in a different way. Arthur C. Benson, himself the son of an Archbishop of Canterbury, has an article in the November *National Review*, in which he argues, not for increasing the supply of hearers, but for diminishing the supply of sermons. One a Sunday is all, he thinks, that weak human nature ought

to be expected to endure. Moreover, he would have those of the clergy who cannot, even in the considerate judgment of mothers in Israel, preach in an edifying or even tolerable manner, frankly give over the attempt, and read a discourse by a great preacher. Mr. Benson writes in full and charitable perception of the enormous difficulty of preaching acceptably to the same congregation twice a Sunday, year in and year out. What is really demanded of a preacher, if he is to minister successfully to the same flock for a decade or two, is that he should be an orator, a literary man, a saint, and a man of the world, all rolled into one. That such a combination is rarely found, is not surprising. By way of comfort to the minor prophets, Mr. Benson declares:

If I had to take my choice between hearing, say, Chrysostom, or Bossuet, or Newman, twice a week for the rest of my life, and never hearing them at all, I should not hesitate to choose the latter alternative.

Weariness with sermons is common, and apparently deepening, but people hear a born preacher as gladly as ever. Truth made living and instant through a personality is still the greatest source of inspiration in the world—in church or out. When the rare genius is found who can stand up before the great congregation and catch up their vague aspirations after a better life into the soaring utterance of a Robertson or a Liddon, a Beecher or a Brooks—to name only the dead—it is a cruel pity that the church has not some division of labor by which such men could be set aside exclusively for the work of preaching. To make them grow haggard over church finances, or to dissipate their energies at bazaars or in the multiplied business of the modern "institutional church," is little short of a crime.

Minister Briand's statement that the French Separation Act will not be enforced against the Church until a year from December 11 next indicates that the Government sincerely wishes a settlement with the Vatican. During that interval, associations may be formed agreeably to the law, failing which, confiscation by gradual legal process will begin. This respite leaves in a rather ridiculous position the ultra-clericals, who have represented the Government as desiring persecution and courting civil warfare. The truce should give a good opportunity for revising the Papal interdict on the associations. The protests against them have been based upon the assumption that the Government would not observe good faith in the matter. It was even said that fraudulent or anti-religious associations would be allowed to obtain control of the churches. M. Briand's decision is a quiet but effective rebuke to insinuations so intemperate and ill-founded. Unless the Vatican

is wholly implacable, the year should bring forth a *modus vivendi* acceptable alike to the Government and the Catholics of France.

The old Slavophile party in Russia is apparently moribund. The movement has almost come to an end in the face of Western ideas and the revolutionary propaganda. Unlike Pan-Slavism, Slavophilism was originally not a political, but a romantic and mystical theory. It was late that Slavophilism assumed a determinate political form. Its earliest exponent was Kircefsky, who, during the earlier part of the nineteenth century, sought to combine Russian mysticism and romanticism with the thought of Western Europe. But Kircefsky set his face in opposition to the institutions of the West. Like the anti-Napoleonic romanticists of Germany, he clung with almost bigoted devotion to the Russian throne and religion. The French Revolution had wrought a reaction against the idea of universal empire; the dread of Napoleon increased this reaction. The Slavophiles, besides their romanticism in literature, dreamed of a future golden age, under a theocracy. They also looked for the subjugation of other nations, and for their conformity to this holy ideal. No Russian, Kircefsky maintained, could feel pride in exotic institutions. He saw a religious halo above the crown, and maintained that the way to the establishment of a theocracy lay through the awakened feeling of the nation. Visionaries and poets gathered about him. Thus Slavophilism was like a survival of mediævalism, in the midst of the rapid progress towards democracy. Its strength has been in the *croyants* and the reactionaries; but it will die, or, rather, reappear transformed in reconstructed Russia.

The fall of the Prussian Minister of the Interior, Von Podbielski, is announced. Since the discovery that he was connected with the firm of Von Tippleskirch, the army contractors who have been growing rich out of the war in Southwest Africa, he has been subjected to volleys of ridicule and denunciation almost without parallel in the history of the Empire, coming, indeed, from all sections of the press. The Emperor's persistent refusal to remove him led to the rumors of a Chancellor crisis, and to astonishingly frank complaints that the court "camarilla" kept the Emperor in ignorance of the feelings of the people. Even such strong Government supporters as the Berlin *Kreuzzeitung* and *Post* recently published severe criticisms. The Emperor's impulsive and personal direction of the Government is particularly deplored. Of this policy the recent appointment of Bernhard Dernburg, as director of the Colonial Office, is cited as an example. It

is a selection which deeply offends the merchant class, as well as the aristocracy, and the Chancellor is supposed to be by no means pleased by it. As yet, however, there is nothing definite to show a breach between the Emperor and Von Bülow.

M. Santos-Dumont, by a flight of more than 200 metres in his airship, becomes the first skipper of a flying machine who has risen from the level, flown for an appreciable distance, and landed without serious mishap. The latter part of the performance is the most remarkable, for, as the falling Irishman remarked, "It's the landing that hurts"; and Santos-Dumont's landing was made under circumstances of unusual confusion. Still, Monday's experiment remains rather of scientific than of practical value. At least, its practical applications seem at present remote. The bold young Brazilian has done successfully what the late Professor Langley tried in vain; building upon the experiments of Hiram Maxim, he has produced a motor-driven aeroplane that can be controlled in a limited course, and near the ground. Evidently, it is a far cry from a performance of this sort to deserving the proud title of the "Bird of Prey."

One of the darkest spots on the chart of modern civilization is the high rate of infant mortality. How largely this is preventable is shown by an experiment of the Mayor of Huddersfield, England. He offered a prize of \$5 for every child, born during his term of office, which lived at least twelve months. Though several epidemics occurred, the mortality was reduced from 122 per thousand to 44, largely by the aid of women who instructed mothers in sanitary matters. While maternal ignorance and carelessness are thus shown to be important factors, another of prime importance is the source and quality of milk. It has long been established that intestinal troubles caused by improper food (chiefly cow's milk) account for the largest number of deaths of infants under one year. It has also been frequently suggested that a great improvement could be effected by substituting the milk of goats for that of cows. A plea for goat's milk is contributed by Dr. William Wright to the London *Lancet*. He points out its great superiority in the three essential points of cleanliness, digestibility, and freedom from disease germs. Among the 130,000 goats and kids brought to Paris for slaughter every year, the meat inspectors have failed to discover a single case of tuberculosis. Weight for weight, the goat yields twice as much milk as the cow, and if the animals are properly fed, their milk has no flavor to distinguish it from cow's milk.

THE NATIONAL ASPECT OF THE ELECTION.

To those who had hoped for a strong vote against Republican policies, and particularly against the Republican "standpatters," last week's Congressional elections come as a distinct disappointment. The two most devout worshippers of the Dingley tariff, Messrs. Cannon and Dalzell, have been triumphantly reelected; and there is nothing in the result to make them abate adoration for their idol, or to induce the President to resurrect his long-buried tariff reform message. So far as the voters have indicated their choice, the Republican party is still licensed to grant special privileges to those manufacturers who are ready to pay for them.

If the overthrow of this intolerable injustice is still postponed, the Democrats have themselves alone to blame. Hardly convalescent from the Bryan illness, the party fell a victim to an even more virulent disease, the staying of which in New York, Massachusetts, California, and Illinois became the duty of the hour. With what patriotic readiness independent Democrats have again stepped into the breach, the returns attest. But even if there had been no Hearst and his agitation to draw attention from the contest for the House of Representatives, the Democrats could hardly have obtained control. A nerveless, stupidly inefficient campaign was that of the Democratic Congressional Committee; its literature was dull, its strategy infantile. From the beginning it lacked vigor and sincerity; it practically abandoned efforts weeks ago. The leaders cannot take much credit even for such successes as have occurred, for they are largely due to factional strife among Republicans, or to local causes of small importance. But the defeat of Congressman J. T. McCleary of the Second Minnesota District, because of his "standpattism" and his record on the Philippine tariff, shows clearly that, with serious and intelligent direction, tariff reform might have been made a winning issue.

It is this utter want of Democratic leadership which is the chief lesson of the contest as a whole. The election of Democratic Governors in both Rhode Island and North Dakota, together with the recapture of Missouri and the re-election of a Democratic Governor in Minnesota, proves what hard fighting can accomplish where there is confidence in the integrity and sanity of the Democracy. If any headway is to be made during the next two years, it can be only by rendering the Democracy a genuine opposition in and out of Congress. John Sharp Williams has done his best in the House, but the character of many of his Southern associates, such as Tillman, in the party councils, has handicapped him, to say nothing of the jealous nature of support from such a

Northerner as Bourke Cockran. A party can grow stronger only by pounding away at the weak points in the enemy's armor. Failure to adopt aggressive tactics will leave the Democracy in an equally helpless position two years hence.

It is not as if there were no stirring issues upon which to appeal to the country. Republicans steadily furnish grounds for attack. But of these possible issues none is so important as the alliance between the party and the Trusts. President Roosevelt and his Attorney-General may tilt all they please at Standard Oil and dissolve a combination here and a Trust there. So far as any real far-reaching reform is concerned, their spectacular efforts are of no value save as object-lessons in the enforcement of the law. They constitute no remedy for the disease; and no remedy will be proposed while the corrupt partnership between the Republican party and the tariff-made monopolies continues.

To the Democratic party is more than ever granted the opportunity to come to the rescue. It alone can undertake clean-handed the reform of conditions which rendered Hearst as a political captain possible, and has suddenly made of Socialism a live issue. Americans will be content with their political conditions only when they are convinced that they are getting a "square deal." As long as Congress legislates for a few, thousands will go on demanding a new form of government which will make such favoritism impossible; and no one can deny that justice is on their side. Should the results of the elections deceive the Republicans into thinking that all is well with them, that, as Mr. Cannon maintains, their house does not need to be set in order, then are they far along the road to disaster. For the Democrats who have maintained their party's honor in this crisis, the path of duty is plain. If, with the fine energy and enthusiasm which has just spurned Hearst and Moran, they do not work day and night to regain control of their party machinery, they will find themselves without an organization to register their will.

ABSORBING THE CONQUERED.

More than a century after the partition of Poland the Prussian Government is busier than ever assimilating the Poles within its territory. Within the last few weeks there has been a fresh outbreak of racial distrust and hatred which has affected even the school-children. A cartoon in *Ulk* represents their plight. The teacher whips the school-boy for praying in Polish; his father beats him for praying in German; and the priest uses the birch if he does not pray at all. As a result, the boy's hand is against all the constituted authori-

ties. Recently, an unpopular teacher who had threatened his scholars with arrest for failure to answer questions in German, awoke to find his house in flames and his family at the point of suffocation. In the town of Baronowo there has almost been bloodshed because German children were not only prevented from taking a short-cut to the village school, but were repeatedly driven away with whips by the highly aroused Polish youths.

This really serious state of affairs arouses in Germany mingled anger and astonishment. There was a time several centuries ago when Prussia absorbed Polish subjects without difficulty. Thirty or forty years ago Germanization seemed to be progressing satisfactorily, if slowly. Suddenly there came the change. The Prussians attribute it to the Polish nationalist movement. They can see no difference in their own attitude or policy. To them this resistance is ingratitude, pure and simple. Yet what are the facts? About 1870 many Polish workmen in upper Silesia, to cite one example, were wholly free from any antagonism to the Germans. Indeed, they eagerly learned the language, realizing that its use widened their field of labor. To become a German at that time meant to be free; to be a German property-holder was to be beyond autocratic official interference. In short, to become a Prussian citizen meant the right to rise socially. Unfortunately, a change was at hand. The Pan-Polish movement could never have become what it is had there not been a Pan-German movement to offset it, to stimulate it, and to fan the dying embers of race strife.

First came increased protective duties and the limiting of imports, which at once made the Poles feel that they were worse off than their cousins in Russia or in Galicia. The cost of living rose by leaps and bounds, furnishing precisely the acute grievance the nationalist agitation needed. Then came blundering on the part of the Prussian bureaucracy in religious matters; the law unfortunately prescribed the teaching of religion in Prussian schools, and laid down the lines along which it must be taught. It made no allowance for differences in schools or in the character of their attendance; hence the teacher in Polish sections was inevitably brought into conflict with the village priest. It would, as a writer in the *Berlin Nation* points out, have been a wise and far-sighted policy to have abolished all religious instruction in Polish schools. Instead, the bureaucracy made the incredible mistake of requiring that it must be given in German. If a prize had been offered, says the *Nation* writer, for the action which would give the Polish agitators the very best weapon for their propaganda, nothing better than this could have been devised. Through it the school, which should be

the best medium of friendly Germanization, is now the place above all others in which race hatred is created and intensified.

Curiously enough, the very Prussians who insist upon Germanizing the Poles by force are the same ones who bitterly resent efforts in Russia, Hungary, and elsewhere to make loyal Russians, Magyars, and Czechs of those who speak German and retain their German customs. Side by side with associations for the creation of German communities in Polish Prussia, flourish societies to oppose the anti-German movement in Bohemia and Hungary—and no one seems to perceive the absurd contradiction. Only few have as yet been keen enough to notice that whenever the Germans undertake a new line of action, it provokes a similar move by the Poles. Thus when the Government began to buy up large estates and settle German emigrants upon them, the Poles founded banks whose special business it was to do likewise for their own people as a purely business affair, with the result that the number of Poles owning small land-holdings has increased faster than the number of small German land-owners.

In the general inference to be drawn from this German experience the United States has a special interest, because of our new overseas burdens. It is a fatal policy to deprive a people of its language or its customs. To try to make Americans of Malays, Russians of Finns, and Germans of Poles or Magyars, is merely to intensify the earnestness with which they cling to ancient customs and mother tongue. To attempt to strike down a people's nationality by force is not a sign of enlightened patriotism, but of political and social decadence. Let him who doubts this face the facts—the amazing Gaelic revival in Ireland, the success of the Hungarians against the Austrians, the failure of Russia in Finland, and elsewhere. Let him then turn to Switzerland as the country in which people using three languages have for centuries lived side by side in peace and harmony. The lesson should be carefully conned, for the call for the Philippine Assembly is out, and our pro-consuls in Manila need more than ever to be warned against any attempt to force Filipino development along other than their own racial and national lines.

EXCAVATING HERCULANEUM.

After long negotiations, Prof. Charles is not so plan for excavating Her- And Thoreau, international auspices symbol of two in principle by the and converging together delay has had cannot find the equivalent excavations, ermacher. I find rather ally Italian. of the romantics, when he at the for- basis of man's nature, he to make pos-

sible, will have a favored position as associates in the work. For a layman, it is difficult to realize the importance of this project, so far have the sensational discoveries at Pompeii dazzled the popular imagination.

From the point of view of art, however, all that has been found at Pompeii is of slight importance compared with the results of casual excavation at Herculaneum. The remarkable Greek and Greco-Roman bronzes that are the pride of the Naples Museum came from a single villa at Herculaneum. The few scraps of wall painting that give a hint of the dignity of Grecian painting have the same origin, but are relatively obscured by the showier examples of plasterers' work from Pompeii. The ruins of the latter city have not furnished a single manuscript; Herculaneum, practically unsearched, has already given up a large library—medical and scientific, to be sure; further investigation may well bring us substantial additions to classical literature. In short, when we look at Greco-Roman antiquity through Pompeii, it is as if some thirtieth-century archaeologist should judge American civilization from the remains of Saratoga or Long Branch; whereas Herculaneum will represent the polite tastes of early Imperial Rome as truly as, say, Newport or Manchester-by-the-Sea might represent those of our own Rooseveltian dispensation. Furthermore, Pompeii had been greatly damaged by earthquake, and flimsily rebuilt in the taste of the decadence, before it was overwhelmed by the falling cinders; but Herculaneum, when the mud rolled over it, still kept intact the treasures of the most cultivated Romans—Hellenizers of the generations of Lucretius and Cicero.

The value of these hidden treasures, the wildest imagination is not likely to exaggerate. Suffice it to say that here is an important classical site locked up in a perfect preservative—hardened volcanic mud—a site that has never been sacked by armies, rifled by pilferers, or drained by the insistent demand of wealthy amateurs. The history of archaeology hardly affords a parallel. The excavator of to-day breaks into an unknown Pharaoh tomb only to find that a sneak-thief had preceded him by a thousand years. The Greek marbles of ancient Rome are mostly in the mortar of the mediæval city, but here are the summer homes of cultured Rome of the Augustan period and earlier, only awaiting the careful use of the pick and spade.

As if to provide against such a prize being enjoyed too cheaply, nature has sealed Herculaneum under about eighty feet of volcanic concrete, and fate has willed that some twenty thousand Neapolitans should swarm above the villas where Roman patricians dwelt in spacious ease. To uncover Herculaneum will be an expensive business, involv-

ing the condemnation of much land, and then the most cautious methods of excavation. The nature of the work dictates patience all around. No one should expect quick results at the cost of irreparable damage to the beautiful objects imbedded in the stiffened mud. On the other hand, we can imagine no investment of capital by an art-lover that is more certain to bring handsome returns. The uncovering of a single villa like that which contained the large bronzes of the Naples Museum would amply justify any expenditure likely to be made.

We discern a peculiar appropriateness, too, in the fact that this great project is to be international in its scope. Many times in the history of Western civilization a quickening of national culture has been due to a sort of vision of Grecian art through Roman eyes. Italy has from the first been the mediator of the Hellenic tradition, and when the amateurs and archaeologists of Western Europe and America unite to reclaim Herculaneum for Italy and the world, they merely acknowledge in money and good will a greater if a more intangible debt that has been accumulating interest through the ages.

THE LITERATURE OF BUSINESS.

Not long ago it was the fashion of purists to complain of the bulk of advertising in the magazines. But discussion of the matter in the press brought out numerous champions of the advertising pages. It was warmly asserted that they constitute a most interesting addition to the reading matter, and could about as ill be spared as the so-called literary features. Certain readers, who appeared sincere but may have been malicious, actually expressed a preference for the literature of soups, underwear, real estate, correspondence schools, firearms, and motor cars—a passion which has recently obtained notable confirmation through the confession of an editor. Edward W. Bok has declared that he will do his modest best to make the literary section of the *Ladies' Home Journal* as good as the advertising section, though clearly he despairs of attaining so high an ideal.

We hasten to add that the editorial policy of pretty nearly all the magazines we know is happily approximating the advertising policy. In a superb miscellaneousness, in timeliness, in direct and vociferous appeal to the reader, the editors are, after all, not lagging so much behind. They have recently taken up the evidently useful practice of commending their own wares—discreetly setting forth the merits of their best contributors, or more specifically declaring the current features, as they issue from the press, to be substantial additions to permanent English literature. When the editors are so alert in following a promising lead, no one should too

rashly despair of the future of periodical journalism.

In all seriousness, a very little study of the literature of advertising will show that the writers command a rhetoric remarkably well adapted to their purpose, and if persuasiveness is a chief merit in style, the nameless contributors to the front and back pages must fairly out-rank the aesthetes and muckrakers who fill the middle pages. Indeed, by maintaining an aloofness that a seasoned advertising writer would scorn, the literary fellows frequently fail to establish confidential relations with the reader. The reason for the success of advertising rhetoric James H. Collins (in an amusing article, "The American Grub Street," unconsciously buried in the middle portion of the *Atlantic Monthly*) finds in the following fact:

Advertising requires versatility of a high order; . . . the writer of advertising must combine human interest with strict accuracy; his subject is constantly changing. . . . To-day he studies the methods of making cigars and the many kinds of tobacco that enter therein; to-morrow he writes a monograph on enamelled tin cans, investigating the processes of making them in the factory; and the day after that his topic may be breakfast foods, taking him into investigations of starch, gluten, digestive functions, diet, and health, and setting him upon a weary hunt for synonyms to describe the "rich nutty flavor."

A fair inference from this description is that the superiority of the advertising writer lies in his greater seriousness, which is not perhaps the "high seriousness" that Matthew Arnold advocated, but still a quality removed from and above the dilettantism that inspires the mere author. In any case, such experience makes for worldly experience, and we can imagine a successful advertising writer, finding himself placed at dinner between, say, William H. Howells and Dr. Henry van Dyke, repeating Goethe's phrase:

Prophet to right, prophet to left,
The World-Child between.

Scuffers of the ultra-literary sort have affected to scorn the advertiser as a new and bumptious apparition. Bumptious he may or may not be, but new he emphatically is not. In the most technical sense the profession is very old, while on a narrower rhetorical basis the parallel between the modern advertising writer and the Meistersinger, the member of a Northern Puy, or of a Southern Floral Association, is worth recalling. Like these mediæval predecessors, the modern advertiser writes to order, in competition frequently, and on set themes; he is judged, moreover, rather by the effectiveness of his style than by the pith of his argument. To be sure, the Meistersinger and the banded poets of the Rhone celebrated springtide, love, or, more abstractly, the five merits of the rose and lily, or water and wine, whereas their mod-

ern successors exalt bootblacking, scouring soap, baking powder, ready-to-wear clothes, grape juice, and influenza cures. But the change of subject matter should blind no one to a stylistic unity which is all-important. It boots not that one write a *Remedium Amoris* or extol a corn cure; the spirit in which the work is done is what really counts.

How effective the work of the advertising writer is, very little perusal of the magazines will show. In all that makes for persuasion his art is supreme. We know that an appealing and well-waistcoated youth can sell our real estate, however barren or remote; we long for fences and sheds that another engaging gentleman may paint them with the ideally best pigments. Our heart flutters whenever we read of the ravages of coffee and the value of cereal beverages. Can one deny to writing of this force the name of art? A poster, not in print, but prominently displayed, shows the stylistic refinements that may enter into this sort of composition; we learn of a certain whiskey that it is "mellowed by eight years' repose in the wood." Only note the value of that word "repose." How bald and unconvincing any other asseveration of age would be! But so long as we preserve the image of that brown and fragrant fluid peacefully reposing in its charred prison-house, pure food committees may expose the brand in vain. Who could doubt a stimulant that has not merely grown old, but grown old so gracefully?

REAL PREVENTION OF DISEASE.

The gay young spark in Molière who sought a cure for the ills of intemperance received from his physician a lecture on hygiene. In the midst of it, the impatient youth broke in: "Yes, yes, all that I know, but can't you give me a pill?" This attitude is very human. Our chosen path is pleasant, and if it happen to lead into trouble, why, we'll ask the doctor for a pill. In our Western world, the habit is to seek medical advice only when we are sure we need it, but we might with profit copy the Chinese. They retain their physicians to keep them well, and demand the return of their fees if they fall sick.

The great benefit that medical science has brought to humanity in the last half-century has been chiefly through preventive medicine. The plagues that swept the Old World in the Middle Ages are no longer possible. An epidemic of typhoid fever is now a reproach to the infected community for having neglected the means which science has placed in its hands. But preventive medicine has concerned itself mainly with contagious diseases which threaten wholesale, and deals but slightly, in the popular conception, with individuals. The result is that there has grown up in the public mind a feeling of carelessness

regarding disease except where the state is supposed to protect us. We are much concerned about the purity of our drinking water, but few stop to ponder the fact that a majority of us will die of some chronic disease which in its incipency might be arrested. For protection from acute infection we may depend upon boards of health, but for safeguarding against chronic disease we must trust to the physician. He, however, can do nothing to prolong our days unless we give him an opportunity to detect a malady in its early stage. Health is without price, yet how many periodically submit themselves to their doctors for thorough examination? That such a periodic examination is the wisest of precautions, is shown by the rejected applications in every life insurance company. Thousands were boastfully proud of their robust health until some life insurance physician rated them "bad risks."

The conditions under which Americans live in large cities are particularly adapted prematurely to age the heart and arteries. In all probability, these conditions will not soon change, and the only way one may guard oneself is by measuring the wear and tear on one's organism. Medicine has grown rich in methods and instruments of precision for the detection of subtle changes indicating the onset of disease. A manufacturer with a fortune in machinery would not neglect to employ an expert engineer to scrutinize it from time to time. Very likely, however, the same man has omitted to ascertain through a physician whether his manner of life has worked ravages with his heart or arteries. Almost every one goes to a dentist at least once a year; why should one not go to a physician? We constantly hear that nephritis is a menace, and cancer is becoming more common. Cancer is curable if a surgeon is called in time, and one may live his allotted days, despite nephritis, if he be told how to live. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that the way to live to old age is to become the victim of a chronic disease and then take care of yourself. The real danger in the chronic type of disease is the insidious progress that gives its victim no warning, until the period when medical aid avails is past. Preventive medicine cannot be of use until men have learned to hunt out dangers before they appear. The White Plague is no longer captain of the men of death; pneumonia has taken its place; and physicians tell us that the really awful mortality in pneumonia is made great part to latent pneumonia, requiring that disease. The physician says the *Nation* writes in this city, which would give the have saved half the very best weapon tients had the earlier and propaganda, nothing better respect could have been devised. Do it the school, which should be

would rather "drop in their tracks" than live to an invalid old age. But the possession of a pet chronic disorder is not an unmitigated evil. It often means that a man who has worked like an express locomotive will content himself with slower service. He may be advised to play more golf and less market. He can find good excuses for longer vacations, more time to read, and to cultivate old friendships that have been allowed to lapse. Well-known men in this city, having early found their danger, have so regulated their lives that they appear as active as ever and enjoy life more than before. It is not inconceivable that the prompt recognition of a bad heart, say, would be a real blessing to many a driven man of affairs.

THOREAU AND GERMAN ROMANTICISM.

(Continued from last week.)

One might follow the transcendental movements of New England and of Germany step by step—through irony, aloofness, and sacred idleness, through their flowering in musical reverie and communion with nature—and show how they develop on parallel lines, always alike on the surface, yet always with some underlying difference more easily felt than named. And this difference is felt more strongly, is indeed then only to be understood, when we go back to that free individualism which is the root of all this varied growth. "Contemplation," says Schleiermacher in his second Discourse, "is and always remains something single, separate, the immediate perception, nothing more; to connect and bring together into a whole is not the business of the senses, but of abstract thought. So with religion: it is hers to abide by the immediate experience of the being and activity of the universe, by the individual perceptions and feelings; each of these is a work existing in itself without connection with others or dependence upon them. Of derivation and association religion knows nothing; of all things that may touch her, these are the most contrary to her nature. . . . It is due just to this absolute individuality that the sphere of contemplation is so infinite." Here certainly—and we are at the very heart of German romanticism—is a doctrine which the wise men of Concord would have been the first to repudiate. Infinity to Schleiermacher was only another word for endless variety of particulars, amid which the soul of man, itself a momentary atom in the stream, moves in a state of perpetual wonder. The ideal of Emerson was that self-reliance by which the individual, shaking itself free from the mere conformity of manners and tradition, might rise to the community of the higher nature figured by him as the over-soul: "In all conversation between two persons, tacit reference is made as to a third party, to a common nature. That third party or common nature is not social, it is impersonal; it is God." And Thoreau represented friendship by the symbol of two lines divergent on the earth and converging together in the stars. I cannot find the equivalent of this in Schleiermacher. I find rather that, like the rest of the romantics, when he sought for the basis of man's nature, he turned to pure

emotionalism, the very power and faculty by which we are bound within the limits of our individuality. We have seen that to Schleiermacher "the essence of religion is neither thought nor action, but contemplation and feeling." Let us see in what colors he pictures this passive surrender of the soul to the impression of the world. Thus he continues in the "Reden":

Only do not suppose—this is indeed one of the most dangerous errors—that religious contemplation and feeling at their beginning in the first activity of the soul (*des Gemüths*) are severed in any such way as they necessarily are in our discourse. Contemplation without feeling is nothing, and possesses neither the right source nor the right power; feeling without contemplation is likewise nothing; both are something only when and because they are originally one and unseparated. That first mysterious moment, which comes to us with every sensuous perception before contemplation and feeling have drawn apart, . . . fleeting is it and transparent, like the first exhalation wherewith the dew breathes upon the awakened flowers, demure and tender like the kiss of a virgin, holy and fruitful like the embrace of marriage. Nay, not like this, rather it is all this. Quickly and magically an appearance, an event, unfolds itself to a likeness of the universe. And so, as the beloved and ever-desired form takes shape, my soul flees to her, and I embrace her not as a shadow, but as the holy essence itself. I lie in the bosom of the infinite world; I am in that moment its soul, for I feel all its powers and its infinite life as my own. . . . At the least far the holy union is blown away, and then first contemplation stands before me as a separate form; I gaze upon her, and she mirrors herself in the open soul as the image of the departing loved one in the open eye of the youth. And now first feeling rises up from within him, and spreads like the blush of shame and desire over his cheek. This moment is the highest flowering of religion.

Could anything than this be more essentially at variance with the product of Concord? The nearest approach to it in substance is the hedonism of Pater as expressed in the "Conclusion" to his Renaissance studies. For what in the end is this religion of Schleiermacher's but that culture of the fleeting artistic impression which Pater taught: "Every moment some form grows perfect in hand or face; some tone on the hills or the sea is choicer than the rest; some mood of passion or insight or intellectual excitement is irresistibly real and attractive for us—for that moment only"? It is but the modern decking out of the ancient philosophical heresy of Heraclitus that all things move and flit away, which the English writer places as the motto of his essay. I would not be unappreciative of the great German divine, but I cannot sever his unctuous preaching of emotionalism from the actual emotions which ruled among the coterie to whom his discourses were addressed. When he turns from his image of the bridal of the soul and the universe to the fable of Paradise, and declares that only through the coming of Eve was Adam enabled to lift his thoughts heavenward, when he makes of love the only source of religion, he is, of course, speaking within the acknowledged rights of the preacher. Yet I cannot forget the morbid life of Rousseau, from whom all this *Gefühlphilosophie* is ultimately derived; I remember more particularly Heinse's yearning for some wilderness apart from the world where he might like a Platonic sage pass his life in saintly studies—with Lais at his side. I am afraid of a religion which accords so easily with

this blending of Plato and Lais, and which serves so well a literature whose principle as announced by Tieck was briefly this: "The decency of our common prosaic life is unallowed in art; in these happy, pure regions it is unseemly; it is among us even the document of our commonness and immorality." I am Puritanic enough to dislike and to distrust these confusions; and it is because I do not find them in Thoreau that I can turn to him after reading much in the *romantische Schule* with a sense of relief, as one passes from a sick-chamber to the breath of the fields. Concord is remote and provincial in comparison with the Berlin and Jena of those days; it lacks the universality and culture of those centres; above all, it lacks the imposing presence of a Goethe and a Schiller, who, however loosely, were still connected with the romantic brotherhood; but it possessed one great offset—character.

"Life shall be the living breath of nature," might have been the motto of Thoreau as it was of a great German. He, too, went out to find the God of history in nature, inasmuch as man is but a part of the whole, a brother to the worm—but the ways of their search led them far asunder. We have seen how on the surface the mystical reverie of Novalis's "Lehrlinge zu Saïs" is akin to the ideals of Thoreau: yet follow the two to the end. We shall see one of the scholars of Saïs journeying through a tropical clime to the shrine of Isis; we shall see him in an ecstasy before that veiled goddess of nature; "then lifted he the light, gleaming veil, and—Rosenblüthchen sank into his arms." It is only Heinse's Plato and Lais, or Schleiermacher's Adam and Eve if you will, under other names. There is a taint of sickness in all this. It corresponds too well to the "heavenly weariness" of Novalis himself, as he might be found at the grave of his Sophie, vowing himself to death for a lofty ensample of love's eternal faithfulness, and in a short while after discovering his religion incarnate in another woman.

Now there was no Sophie in Thoreau's life, no sentimental identification of a dead Sophie with a living Julie, and above all, no rapturous embrace of both together in the person of the goddess of nature. It may even be granted that the absence of primitive human emotion is so pronounced in his diaries as to render them thin and bloodless. To lay bare the sources of this difference between Thoreau and Novalis it would be necessary to analyze a score of influences silently at work beneath the surface of his culture—the inheritance of Puritan religion, denied indeed, but still making any real return to medievalism impossible; the British notion of practical individualism expressed in the philosophy of Adam Smith; the lesson of Wordsworth's austerity in the devotion to nature; the spirit of fine expectancy derived from the poets of the seventeenth century, who were Thoreau's chief mental nourishment; the incalculable force of Emerson's personality. It comes at the last chiefly to this: the freedom of the romantic school was to the end that the whole emotional nature might develop; in Thoreau it was for the practice of a higher self-restraint. The romantics sought for the common bond of human nature in the *Gemüth*, Thoreau believed it lay in character. In the *Gemüth*

(the word is untranslatable; heart, with the connotation of sentiment, mood, revery, is the nearest equivalent) Schleiernmacher found the organ of religion, to the absolute exclusion of the reason and the will; there Novallis looked for the inspiration of all art; communion with nature was desirable only because in her, too, might be discovered "all the variations of an endless *Gemüth*"; and to this organ of the individual person was reduced in reality the high-sounding I of Fichte. *Gemüth*—character, *Gefühl*—conduct; in that contrast lay the divergence between German and New England transcendentalism. "What are three-score years and ten hurriedly and coarsely lived to moments of divine leisure in which your life is coincident with the life of the universe?" asks Thoreau in his Journal; but he continues: "One moment of life costs many hours—hours not of business, but of preparation and invitation. Yet the man who does not betake himself at once and desperately to sawing is called a loafer, though he may be knocking at the doors of heaven all the while, which shall surely be opened to him. That aim in life is highest which requires the highest and finest discipline." Man's life, he says elsewhere, "consists not in his obedience, but his opposition, to his instincts," and genius was to him another name for health. This was his resolution and his prayer:

I pray that the life of this spring and summer may ever lie fair in my memory. May I dare as I have never done! May I persevere as I have never done! May I purify myself anew as with fire and water, soul and body! May I gird myself to be a hunter of the beautiful, that naught escape me! May I attain to a youth never attained! I am eager to report the glory of the universe; may I be worthy to do it; to have got through with regarding human values so as not to be distracted from regarding divine values. It is reasonable that a man should be something worthier at the end of the year than he was at the beginning.

And so, despite its provincialism and its tedium, the Journal of Thoreau is a document that New England may cherish proudly. It is the mirror of a life, the record of romanticism striving to work itself out in actual character, and shows thus, as clearly as the far greater writings of Emerson, wherein the originality of the Concord school really lies. The dangers of transcendentalism are open enough—its facile optimism and unballasted enthusiasms—dangers to the intellect chiefly. Any one may point at the incompatibility of Thoreau's gospel with the requirements of society. To follow him, as to follow Walt Whitman, a man must needs shun the responsibilities of the family and state, and walk in solitary ways. Yet, withal, there is brave inspiration in the scornful independence of this botanizing vagabond. For the motto of his Journal one might choose the familiar lines of Matthew Arnold:

For most men in a brazen prison live,
Where, in the sun's hot eye,
White heads bent o'er their toil, they languidly
Their lives to some unmeaning taskwork give,
Dreaming of nought beyond their prison-wall.

And the rest, a few,
Escape their prison and depart
On the wide ocean of life anew.
There the freed prisoner, where'er his heart
Listeth, will sail;
Nor doth he know how there prevail,
Despotic on that sea,
Trade-winds that cross life's eternity.

Awhile he holds some false way, unbarr'd
By thwarting signs, and braves
The freshening wind and blackening waves,
And then the tempest strikes him. . . .
And he too disappears, and comes no more.

Put out of mind the wild hurtling words Thoreau was so fond of uttering, forget the ill taste into which his narrower circumstances often led him, and there remains this tonic example of a man who did actually and violently break through the prison walls of routine, and who yet kept a firm control of his career. If his aim was to refine his senses so that, like an Æolian harp, he might quiver in response to every impression of mountain and field and river, at least he sought for this refinement by eliminating all the coarser and more relaxing emotions of his breast; by disciplining his will into harmony with the pure and relentless laws of universal being. And if the terms of his practical philosophy may be traced back through the German romanticists to Rousseau's ideal of a return to nature, yet his sympathetic knowledge of hard savage life among the Indians and the tradition of New England's struggle with the wilderness kept him, always in act and generally in words, from sentimental softening of the reality.

P. E. M.

Correspondence.

WASHINGTON'S PROPOSALS FOR EDUCATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Speaking of agricultural colleges in your issue of November 1, you make the following statement:

Thomas Jefferson was the first American to urge the importance of such schools. Writing in 1803 he deplored the overcrowding of the trades and of the learned professions. He recommended that a professorship of agriculture should be established in every college.

No one will, I believe, endeavor to in any way belittle the effort made by President Jefferson. History should be kept straight, however. In his first message to Congress, January 8, 1790, Washington expressed the hope that "The advancement of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, by all proper means, will not, I trust, need recommendation," and continuing:

Nor am I less persuaded that you will agree with me in the opinion that there is nothing which can better deserve your patronage than the promotion of science and literature. . . . Whether this desirable object will be best promoted by affording aids to seminaries already established, or by the institution of a national university, or by other expedients, will be well worthy of a place in the deliberations of the Legislature.

It is to be noticed that agriculture and a national university for the promotion of science and arts were closely associated by Washington.

In his last annual message he writes:

"It will not be doubted that with reference either to individual or national welfare agriculture is of primary importance.

Institutions for promoting it grow up, supported by the public purse; and to what object can it be dedicated with greater propriety?

Apparently, then, remembering that he had in his first message called attention

to the great subject of agriculture, he adds:

I have heretofore proposed to the consideration of Congress the expediency of establishing a national university, etc.

R. C. BARRETT.

Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, Ames, November 5.

[We can hardly regard the vague proposal of Washington, suggestive though it be, as really forestalling Jefferson's definite plan for education in agriculture.—ED. NATION.]

THE HONOR SYSTEM OF EXAMINATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The "honor system" is of long standing in several Southern colleges. It has been introduced recently into two New England colleges; and a third is experimenting with it. The institutions which have it profess to like it, and say that it works well.

Working well, however, is not a final test. As every manufacturer knows, efficiency may be secured by materials or processes that cost too much. The chief objection to the honor system is that it is ethically extravagant. You can get sap and syrup in springtime by tapping the maples on your lawn. You can haul clay by harnessing a thoroughbred trotter to a dump cart. But these devices are not economical. Neither is it a prudent expenditure of the deepest ethical resources to tap them for the prevention of a little cribbing, and hitch them onto the tail of an examination paper a dozen times a year.

The honor system involves a double standard. The students in a Southern college will run out of town and ruin forever a man convicted of cheating in an examination; yet they look lightly on sexual offences, which cut infinitely deeper into the sentiments which honor should support (and leave on character far more lasting scars.) A student who entered a Northern college which has no honor system from a Southern college where it had prevailed was found guilty of cheating at the first opportunity, and offered as a sufficient excuse that he had not been put on his honor. In one of the New England colleges that has adopted it, an instructor was recently asked at the beginning of a brief quiz whether it was to be conducted on the honor system or not. The president of the senior class in that same institution recently said in a speech at an alumni dinner that he knew that cheating was still going on under the honor system. Yet he, like all the rest, had given a solemn promise on honor to report any cheating that he knew.

This promise, by the way, to report any violation of the honor system seems to be an essential part of the honor system wherever it is applied. The honor of every student appears to need watching and reporting by the honor of every other. Yet it is a significant fact, one more creditable to the students than to the devisers of the system, that in one of the New England colleges now trying the experiment every case of conviction for dishonesty since the system was introduced has been based on internal evidence drawn from the blue

book; in no case has evidence come voluntarily from the students who have been pledged to give it.

It is a serious thing to drag out of its natural soil in the subconscious the delicate, sensitive sentiment of honor, which ordinarily comes to the surface only under some such stirring experience as love or war, and at the end of every examination make each student declare that he has neither given nor received aid. In a recent discussion of the question, President Eliot of Harvard declared that there never was a time when he could have been brought to sign that statement. It assumes that the desire to cheat is normal and universal; and only under special stress of honor can the temptation be overcome.

The evil of cheating in examinations can never reach very serious proportions in a well-conducted institution. There is no college where student sentiment, left to itself, tolerates cheating to win a prize or an election to Phi Beta Kappa. Such cheating as student sentiment condones is confined mainly to cases where a dull or lazy student aims to escape being dropped. Then student sentiment undoubtedly does say, "Poor drowning devil, let him clutch the forbidden straw." Limited to this restricted sphere, cheating in examinations is not sufficiently important, either as an aid to rank or an injury to character, to warrant erecting the sentiment of honor into a system for its eradication.

The evil can be cured by cheaper means. In a certain college for a series of years the greater part of all complaints of cheating came from a single department. This was taken as one of several evidences that the teaching in this department was less vital than in the other departments, and the department was reorganized. A good instructor sets papers of such a nature that illegitimate aids are of little avail. Grasp of a subject, the relation of part to part, judgment on critical questions, application of principles to problems—these can be extemporized no more with than without adventitious aids. Vital teaching, frank and friendly personal relations, firm administration when required, can secure as moderate ethical cost results quite as satisfactory as those achieved under the honor system. It is therefore the part of a wise ethical economy to refrain from all attempts to superimpose the systematized sentiment of honor on the uncovenanted judgment of the right.

WILLIAM DEWITT HYDE.

Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me., November 6.

NEWMAN ON JANE AUSTEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Here is a tribute from Cardinal Newman to Jane Austen, which perhaps has not been brought to the notice of many of her admirers:

He used to say that he read through "Mansfield Park" every year, in order to perfect and preserve his style.—"Reminiscences of Oxford," by the Rev. W. Tuckwell, p. 184. Cassell & Co., 1900.

I. F. WILSON.

Cincinnati, November 7.

Notes.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are preparing a series of volumes after the model of Curtis Hidden Page's "Chief American Poets." They announce for early publication the following: "The Chief Elizabethan Dramatists" (except Shakspeare) to the close of the theatres, edited by Prof. William A. Neilson of Harvard University, the editor of the new single-volume Shakspeare; "The Chief British Poets of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," and "The Chief British Poets of the Eighteenth Century," edited by Prof. Curtis Hidden Page. The selections will cover the full practical needs of college courses, and each book will be furnished with biographical, bibliographical, and explanatory notes.

Three more volumes are promised for this autumn in the special Riverside Press Editions of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., viz., "The Idyls of Theocritus," translated by C. S. Calverley (300 numbered copies for sale); "The Song of Roland," translated by Isabel Butler (200 numbered copies); "A Bibliography of Oliver Wendell Holmes," by George B. Ives (500 numbered copies). There are no more tastefully made books on the market to-day than the volumes of this series.

Doubleday, Page & Co. will publish early in January "The Autobiography of a Southerner," by Nicholas Worth, which has been appearing in the *Atlantic* in serial form.

Bertram Dobell is proposing to publish by subscription various unknown and inedited works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We have already mentioned his "Centuries of Meditation," by Thomas Traherne, and the "Gleanings from Manuscripts." To these should now be added "The Poetical Works of William Strode," "The Letters, Speeches, and Poems of Sir Nicholas Bacon" (1509-1579), and "The Partiall Law, a Tragi-Comedie" (circa 1620-1630).

It was only a little while ago that the Oxford University Press published a new text of Keats's poems with elaborate annotations by E. de Selincourt. The poetical works are now to be added to the "Oxford Library Editions," with textual notes by H. Buxton Forman. The volume will include some lines hitherto unprinted.

Gilchrist's "Life of Blake," published in 1863, will now be reissued by John Lane in a cheaper edition. W. Graham Robertson has edited the text, written an Introduction, and added a large number of reproductions from the most perfect of Blake's drawings and pictures.

Much the best piece of critical work Swinburne ever wrote is his volume, "William Blake," which has long been out of print. A new edition now issued by E. P. Dutton & Co. is therefore really worth while. Mr. Swinburne adds a Prefatory Note, only a few pages long, but abounding in his polypholisboian eloquence.

E. P. Dutton & Co. issue a new edition of "The House of Quiet," with an Introduction announcing the author as Arthur Christopher Benson. He says frankly that the chief reason now for giving his name is that it seems foolish to go on trying to keep a secret that is no secret at all.

We begin to believe that Mr. Benson, like Andrew Lang, is no longer the name of an individual, but of a society of writers. However, he continues to be always interesting and always to write with the appearance of artistic leisure.

We are to have more of Lord Acton's correspondence. His son has written to the *London Times*, stating that after a suitable lapse of time he will publish the letters to Dollinger.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce a book on bridge whist by P. F. Mottelay. It will contain the collected opinions of the best-known authorities regarding the declarations, leads, and different emergencies of the game.

Mr. Mosher's *Bibelots* for October and November contain, respectively, "Giordano Bruno," by Walter Pater, and "The Last Days of John Addington Symonds," by Margaret Symonds.

With the publication of the fifth volume of Brandes's "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature" (the sixth came out a year ago) that standard work in criticism is made complete in its English dress. The Macmillans now issue the set with illustrations, and to the sixth volume a full index is added. Brandes's views are so well known that any detailed review of the fifth volume, on "The Romantic School in France," or of the work as a whole, would be superfluous. He wrote in the full tide of liberalism, and his opinions are manifestly colored by political affiliations, but he writes always with spirit; is always interesting, and at times (notably in the volume on "The Romantic School in Germany") shows the faculty of plucking out the heart of a complicated movement. The translation in the present edition is idiomatic, and, so far as we have examined, accurate.

Following hard upon Winston Churchill's full and official biography of his father, Lord Rosebery's essay, "Lord Randolph Churchill" (Harper's), is, as he himself says, merely a sort of debt of friendship. He was much thrown with Lord Randolph, and it is personal appreciation of which his volume is made up. Political sympathy there could be little between the two men. But the audacity, the perversity, the brilliance of Randolph Churchill appeal to Lord Rosebery, if only as matter for neat description or sententious comment. Of this there is plenty given, if little real information. It is put beyond doubt, however—though it was never really in doubt—that, in the great crisis of his career, his resignation as chancellor of the exchequer, Lord Randolph was merely bluffing, and did not expect Salisbury to take him at his word. Lord Rosebery declares that when the time comes for the private letters of those two to be published, there will be tidbits for intellectual gourmets. His own style retains all of its point. The long decay of Lord Randolph's faculties, along with his loss of political power, is put into this epigram: "He was the chief mourner at his own protracted funeral, a public pageant of gloomy years." There are many such Roseberyisms in the book.

Henry C. Shelley's "Literary Byways in Old England" (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.), is a thoroughly readable book. It is so easy for literary pilgrims to be dull

and to force on the reader a rehash of the old anecdotes and descriptions, that Mr. Shelley is the more to be commended for furnishing in each of these eleven studies some new ingredient, if only a birth certificate to prove that Hood's tombstone is wrong by a year, or more intimate particulars of the career of John Hamilton Reynolds, Hood's brother-in-law, the friend of Keats. Most people will think that the chapter on Hood is the most interesting. Mr. Shelley prints for the first time some of Hood's "witty and tender" letters and gives us new glimpses of the family into which he married and the interests of his life. These documents were procured through Hood's nephew, the late Towneley Green. The anecdotes gleaned in the Carlyle country are all unpleasing, and maintain the tradition that Carlyle needs to be saved from his biographers. Those who have not themselves visited Ecclefechan and Scotsbrig, may be surprised to learn that their scenery is not desolate or bleak. The road that connects the two places "lies between luxurious hedgerows and flower-covered banks." On the haunts and homes of Spenser, Sidney, Penn, Gray, Gilbert White, Goldsmith, Burns, and Keats, Mr. Shelley has in each case something to contribute. His style is pleasing and impersonal, and his illustrations from photographs are numerous and well reproduced.

Constance Elizabeth Maud's "Felicity in France" (Charles Scribner's Sons) is a lively and well-written account of a summer spent in Normandy and Brittany by Felicity and an energetic aunt. If this is a faithful record of their experiences, the pair must have fairly shattered the French illusions as to the reserve and stiffness of the British tourist. They made friends with all classes, and were equally at home in a boar hunt at Fontainebleau or sharing the market cart of a peasant. Everywhere they found resentment and grief at the secularization of the convents, and never any thing but reverence and pity for the nuns, who in many cases have been quartered in the houses of the hospitable townspeople and spend their time in nursing and teaching, buoyed up by the hope of a turn in political sentiment. The most interesting chapter is an account of the homes of the *Félibres* in Provence, those enthusiasts who, fifty years ago, began the work of restoring and perpetuating the old language of Provence, the *langue d'Oc*, which was fast decaying into a *patois*. Felicity visited Mistral himself, the soul of the movement. Mistral complained bitterly of the motor cars, which make it easy for parties of tourists to descend on him at all hours of the day and night. "I have the misfortune to be now in their catalogue of monuments." The whole volume is entertaining and attractively got up. It would be an excellent guide for tourists, especially women who wished to travel in the more remote villages of France and to stay in convents, while there are convents left, rather than in big hotels.

A new book by Stewart Edward White no longer needs any recommendation. As an open-eyed forest Rambler and mountain climber he is easily in the first rank of nature writers, though, of course, without the peculiar literary flavor and the varied background in wider experience of

life which one finds in the outdoor books of a Henry van Dyke. The present volume, "The Pass" (New York: Outing Publishing Co.), is devoted to mountain climbing in eastern-central California, in the region of the Great Western Divide of the Sierra Nevada range, with Cloudy Canyon, Deadman's Canyon, and the valleys of King's River and Roaring River for immediate surroundings, and the peaks about Yosemite and the Tuolumne Valley in the far distance. Mr. White was accompanied by his wife, but their experiences are not likely to make the region popular as a summer resort for society women. Mr. White pays a high tribute to the good sense and fidelity of the official forest ranger of this region, and puts in a plea for an extension of this service and more adequate compensation.

It is a poor year that does not bring to our table one or more text books upon elementary economics, and this season's crop begins with Prof. Charles Lee Raper's "Principles of Wealth and Welfare" (New York: The Macmillan Company). The book offers little that is novel in method or arrangement, and—very wisely—does not attempt to "reconstruct" economic theory for the benefit of high-school pupils. The style is clear, if sometimes oracular; and the doctrine generally sound.

Dr. Paul Marcuse's "Betrachtungen über das Notenbankwesen in den Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika" (Berlin: C. Heymann) is an attempt to describe for German readers the national banking system of the United States. After a brief account of American banking prior to the Civil War, Dr. Marcuse treats of the growth and present position of our national banks. Particular attention is given to note issues, but other aspects of the subject are not neglected. For American students the book has little value or interest, and German readers will be misled as often as aided by it. The introductory chapter upon banks of issue prior to 1864 is particularly open to criticism. On his first page the author states that colonial banking experiments were unrestrained by the home Government; whereas in 1741 Parliament extended to the colonies the rigorous provisions of the "Bubble Act." He thinks that the first bank of the United States was chartered primarily as a means of reforming American banking, rather than as a fiscal agent of the American Government; and that it prevented a "rapid increase and extension of other banks." He imagines that the notes of State banks used to circulate only in the State in which they were issued. The overflowing revenues of the national Government in 1835 and 1836 he attributes to the "new protective tariff system"; whereas duties were steadily falling at that time under the provisions of the "Compromise Tariff," and the inordinate increase of the revenues was due to the phenomenal sales of public lands. He writes an account of the second bank of the United States without making use of Professor Catterall's indispensable volume; and throughout displays but a superficial acquaintance with the literature of his subject. Dr. Marcuse would have served his readers better had he been content to begin his narrative with the founding of the national banking system. As it stands, we

cannot commend it to the constituency for which it was designed.

Alessandro Luzio, director of the archives at Mantua, has won a commanding position as an authority on the *Risorgimento*. His "Profilo Biografici" just published (Cogliati, Milan) is a collection of articles mostly reprinted from the *Corriere della Sera* and dealing with Italian personalities of the nineteenth century. The author's style is as agreeable as his erudition is extensive, and, unlike most Italian scholars in this field, he is abreast of the German and English literature of his subject.

One of the most valuable of recent contributions to the history of religion is Professor Bousset's "Das Religion des Judentums im neutestamentlichen Zeitalter." The author, who is a professor at Göttingen, has bestowed much labor on the rabbinic and apocryphal and pseudepigraphic literature; and the extent and accuracy of his information of Jewish writings from the pre-Maccabean time onwards is widely recognized. His book is *gründlich* in the real German manner. Professor Bousset is not only a master of facts, but also a competent historian and clear writer. His monograph presents graphically the development and characteristic features of Jewish piety, with light on the religion of the masses as well as the more easily discoverable religious system of the scribes. The book has proved to be more than commonly useful, as is evidenced by repeated references to it, both in scholarly and popular works. We note the appearance of a second edition, thoroughly revised and enlarged. (Berlin: Reuther und Reichard.) An English translation of this valuable work would be most acceptable, and would serve to dissipate many popular illusions in regard to Jewish religion in the time of Christ.

The Swedish Tourist Traffic Society in Stockholm has issued a small volume, the character of which is well described in its title: "Sweden: A Short Handbook on Sweden's History, Industries, Social Systems, Sport, Arts, Scenery, etc." The opening chapter, by Emil Svensson, entitled "Sweden's Place in History," gives an interesting bird's-eye view of the history of the country, with constant reference to that of Europe at large. The other chapters give reasonably full accounts of the material resources and intellectual and social conditions, curiously enough omitting any mention of Swedish literature; the last describes "Sweden as a country for tourists." The volume is illustrated by excellent photogravures. An index would have enhanced its value as a work of reference.

The German Asiatic Society of Japan issues in Band x, Teil 3, five papers of unusual interest. The first, presented with illustrations, is upon Japanese Falconry, by D. A. Schinzinger, and embodies the result of much study of native literature upon this subject. Dr. Miura of the Imperial University treats of the Japanese literature of dreams and the canons of interpretation. In discussing the question of the naturalization of Japanese trees in Europe, Mr. Hofman points out the climatic possibilities of the most important of the trees of Nippon and tells something of native forestry. The famous, but now obsolete,

sport of *inu no mono*, or the hunting of dogs with blunt arrows by archers on horseback, which was only rarely cruel, is treated in text and by picture.

The Asiatic Society of Japan sends forth vol. xxxiv., part 1, of its Transactions, in a pamphlet of but fifty-nine pages. Yet in weight and value few of its issues have exceeded this one. John Carey Hall, the British consul-general, who has a perspective of thirty-six years of residence in Japan, furnishes a translation of what may be regarded as the literary basis of Japanese feudalism, the magisterial code of the Hojo power-holders, promulgated A. D. 1232. The code existed in manuscript until the seventeenth century, when it was printed, not for public knowledge, but for official use. The translation has been done with great care and the explanatory notes are illuminating. Besides being of the highest interest to the student of feudalism, it confirms the view held by literary scholars, that the position of the Japanese woman in the early and middle ages was much higher than under the Tokugawas, when the Chinese philosophy and ethics fettered not only the national intellect, but swayed the social customs of the Japanese. A brief paper on Chomel, "the Japanese Wordsworth," and an unusually practical paper on the study of Korean, from the point of view of a student of the Japanese language, complete this number.

The Imperial Cabinet of Japan has issued the tabulated statement which shows the movement of the population of the empire in 1903. The brief text and terms are in French, and the details of births, marriages, deaths, divorces, and diseases furnish data for conclusions as to the advance in public hygiene. On the whole the figures are encouraging. Such a conclusion is more than confirmed by the "Résumé Statistique de l'Empire du Japon," which, in its twentieth issue, for 1906, gives the statistics, in condensed form, though none later than 1904. Within the memory of living men there were no public hospitals in Japan; the exact number in 1903 was 909. Of the 37,180 physicians, probably 30,000 practise according to modern science. Of epidemics in 1904, dysentery and typhoid fever claimed the greatest number of victims. Recent legislation has strikingly diminished the number of divorces. Instead of one divorce to every three marriages, the figures for 1902, exclusive of Formosa, show 394,165 marriages and 64,139 divorces. The Ainus, like our Indians, so far from dying out, seem to hold their own.

The *Nuova Antologia* of November 1 contains an important article upon the "Legends of Trajan." The author is the director of the excavations in the Roman Forum, Giacomo Boni, whose discoveries in regard to the Column of Trajan were discussed in a letter from Rome printed in the *Nation* of July 26. He not only gives the results of his recent researches in and about the Column of Trajan, but brings together a unique collection of photographs of tapestries, sculptures, frescoes, engravings, and pieces of majolica of the Middle Age and the Renaissance, illustrating the origin of the legends of Trajan, and showing their transformation as they were passed on from century to century.

Rudolf Haupt in Halle announces the publication, under the editorship of Dr. Johannes Luther, of a collection of Title Borders of the Time of the Reformation, for the purpose of aiding in determining the place of printing of undated books and pamphlets of this period. During this time of free and unrestricted reprinting, at that period hardly yet regarded as piracy, a pamphlet that aroused any general interest and comment was reprinted by booksellers in various parts of Germany, though very often without place or date. The ornamentation on the title pages even was copied, though not always on the same publication on whose title page it had originally been found. Bibliography is here used directly in the service of the history of culture, inasmuch as the determination of the imprint place of these undated pamphlets will throw light on the spread of the Reformation ideas. The work will be issued in six to eight parts, each containing fifty plates. In order to facilitate the use of the work for the purpose of comparison, each plate is accompanied by a duplicate on transparent paper.

Selections from the correspondence of the late Cyrus W. Field were sold at auction in this city last Friday by the Merwin-Clayton Company. The highest price paid was \$101, for a letter from W. E. Gladstone to Mr. Field after reading "Thirteen Months in a Rebel Prison," a copy of which Mr. Field had sent him. The original cable message read by Mr. Field at the Crystal Palace in this city, September 1, 1858, the day of the carnival celebrating the laying of the Atlantic cable, was sold for \$30.

On Monday, November 19, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company will offer at auction a collection of Lincoln literature, including some scarce items; also a few Confederate pieces and some fifteen books about John Brown. One of the latter is Redpath's "Echoes of Harper's Ferry," 1860, which contains the first publication of Thoreau's "Plea for Capt. John Brown," two speeches by Emerson, and Whittier's poem "Brown of Ossawatimie."

The library of L. M. Dillman of Chicago, which ranks as one of the great American collections of first editions of nineteenth century English authors, will be dispersed this season by the Anderson Auction Company of this city. Mr. Dillman's collection is especially rich in books of Lamb, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Rossetti, and the Brownings. His copy of "Pauline," 1833, was Reuben Browning's, with inscription on the title-page in his autograph: "By Robert Browning, his first publication, privately distributed. This copy was given me by his father, my eldest brother, Reuben Browning." This identical copy has already appeared three times in the auction room. At the George T. Maxwell sale in April, 1895, it brought \$260, being bought by a firm of booksellers who sold it to Alfred J. Morgan. When part of this library was sold in April, 1902, the book brought \$720. In the sale of the library of Daniel F. Appleton, April, 1903, it brought \$1,025. Although "Pauline" is probably the most valuable single book, the Keats, Shelley, Lamb, and Coleridge collections include rare items. Many of the volumes are in the original boards, uncut.

On Thursday, November 29, Hodgson & Co., the London auctioneers, sell a small collection of books, mainly English literature, and including a few volumes of great rarity. The most important of these is the second edition of Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar," the title-page without date, but with colophon: "Imprinted at London by Thomas East for John Harrison, the younger, . . . 1581." The first edition of 1579 is one of the rarest and most valuable of English books; no copy has come into the market for many years. The earliest edition described by the Grolier Club in its first volume of "Collations and Notes," 1893, was the third of 1586, and we know of no copy of either the first or second in this country. The sale also includes several early Shakspeare quartos: "The Whole Contention between the Houses of Lancaster and York," the undated edition printed by Thomas Pavier in 1619, being the third edition of Parts II. and III. of Henry VI.; "The Merchant of Venice," 1637, the third edition, but with the imprint cut from the title-page; "Hamlet," 1637, the sixth edition, a large copy; and "Pericles," 1635, the sixth edition, but lacking the title. There is a fine and perfect copy of the first collected edition of "Shakspeare's Poems," 1640, with the rare frontispiece by Marshall; also two copies—one lacking three leaves of text, the other perfect—of the spurious play, "The History of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle," 1600. Another book of Shaksperian interest is John Taylor the water poet's "Heads of all Fashions," 1642, rare and entirely uncut. On the title-page are seventeen "heads," one of them being that of Shakspeare. Of more modern books, the most valuable are the little college magazine, "The Gownman," which issued seventeen weekly numbers in 1830, and which, it is supposed, Thackeray had a hand in editing; Tennyson's "Poems Chiefly Lyrical," 1830, uncut; and Pope's "Essay on Man," first editions of the four parts.

An even rarer series of views of New York streets, than those of Jones & Newman, described in the *Nation* of October 25, is one published by Alfred Tallis, called "Tallis's New York Pictorial Directory and Street Views of all the Principal Cities and Towns in the United States and Canada." The views were engraved on steel, whereas Jones & Newman's were lithographs. The covers state that "the engravings will be executed under the direction of Mr. John Rogers and Mr. John Kirk of this city." The "Directory" was issued in parts, each containing two plates and two leaves of text, one side of the leaf being matter descriptive of the buildings, the other side advertisements. Apparently eight parts, containing sixteen plates, were issued, though this full number is not owned by any one collector. Several of the plates exist in different states, new names being added on the fronts of the buildings from time to time, as the occupants were induced to become advertisers in the series.

The *Athenaeum* notes that W. H. Hulme of Cleveland, Ohio, has found in Worcester Cathedral Library a valuable MS. in Middle English of the late fifteenth century which has not yet attracted the attention of students of English literature and his-

tory. Among the contents of the MS. are a version of Peter Alfons's collection of Oriental tales called "Disciplina Clericalis," known in old French poetry as "Le chastelement d'un père à son fils." This Worcester version is the only one yet discovered in Middle English literature.

Gaston Boissier, after forty years of service, gives up his chair at the College of France in order to devote his time to the study of the Hellenization of Rome.

Henry George Raverty, an Oriental scholar of rare attainments and large performance, has just passed away in England. He entered the military service of the East India Company in 1843, served in the Punjab campaign of 1849-50, and in the first frontier expedition of 1850 against the tribes on the Swat border. In 1863 he attained his majority, and retired in 1864. Before he was transferred to the Northwest he distinguished himself for his proficiency in Urdu, Persian, Marathi, and Guzerathi. On the Northwest frontier he devoted himself to the study of Pashtu and Sindi. When he began the study of Pashtu no grammar of that language had been composed, and he was compelled for his own convenience to make one in outline. This he corrected and enlarged and eventually published in 1885. After his retirement he devoted himself to Oriental studies, and won a place in the first rank of historians of the Moslem East. One of his great achievements is his translation of the "Tabakat-i-Nasiri," to which he added copious notes drawn from contemporary authors. It is a storehouse of minute information regarding the earlier period of Mohammedan rule in India and the countries on its Northwestern frontier. The Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal contains many of his papers, some of which are practically independent historical works. He was engaged in later years upon a history of Herat and its dependencies and the annals of Khorasan.

The Rev. Henry Martyn Baird, dean emeritus of the University College of New York University, died Sunday at Yonkers, at the age of eighty-four. After graduation from New York University in 1850, he travelled in Italy and Greece, and then studied at Union Theological Seminary and Princeton Theological Seminary. In 1859 he returned to this city and became professor of Greek in New York University. This chair he occupied until 1902; and during part of that period he discharged the duties of dean. His writings include "Modern Greece," 1856; "Life of the Rev. Robert Baird," 1866; "Rise of the Huguenots of France," 1879; "The Huguenots and Henry of Navarre," 1886; "The Huguenots and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes," 1895; and "Theodore Beza, the Counsellor of the French Reformation," 1899.

Wisconsin Germans have decided that part of their memorial to Carl Schurz shall take the form of a professorship at the State University. This is to be filled each year by the appointment of some well-known professor from one of the German universities. The movement appeals particularly to the descendants of the many thousands of Germans who, like Carl Schurz, settled in Wisconsin between 1848 and 1860. The fact that Mr. Schurz was a regent of the State University, empha-

sizes the appropriateness of the memorial. For the present, the professorship will be "one-sided," but it is hoped some day to double the endowment so as to provide for an American lecturer in Germany.

The committee of German educators, which has in charge the preparation of the programme for the Second International Congress for School Hygiene, to be held in London in 1907, has submitted to the cultus minister of Prussia a series of proposals for reform in the secondary schools. The chief proposals are: (1) All compulsory class work to be restricted to the forenoon hours, and to this end periods of recitation not to be longer than forty to forty-five minutes; (2) the amount of work done at home to be materially decreased and to fall away entirely in the middle and lower grades; (3) one afternoon each week to be given entirely to sport and exercises, and no written work assigned for next day.

A theological diploma for women, S.Th. (student in theology), is the latest advance in the higher education of women in England. It has been established by the Archbishop of Canterbury to supply a training for teachers in schools where religious instruction is required. The examinations, of which the standard is approximately that of the honor schools of theology, are in five subjects. Three of these—introduction and subject matter of the Old and New Testaments, and the history of Christian doctrine—are compulsory, and two may be chosen at the option of the candidates from a varied group. A knowledge of New Testament Greek is necessary; Hebrew is one of the optional subjects. Diplomas were given last month to five successful candidates, one of whom was an American. The next examination will be held in July, 1907.

An account of the travelling library system carried on in Belgium by the Ligue de l'Enseignement is given in a recent issue of the *Revue des Bibliothèques et Archives de Belgique*. The league has forty-three libraries, containing from 110 to 135 volumes each. These libraries are sent gratuitously to a teacher in any place not having a public library, on condition that the books be put at the disposal of the residents of the locality at least one day a week. The library is lent for two years, and is then exchanged for another. If at the end of four years interest has not been sufficiently aroused to organize and support a local library, the league abandons the place as unworthy of further effort. Seventy-seven rural communities have been visited, and two-thirds of them have founded local libraries.

SHAKSPERE AND POPE.

The Text of Shakspeare: Its History from the Publication of the Quartos and Folios down to and including the Publication of the Editions of Pope and Theobald. By Thomas R. Lounsbury. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2 net.

In his two previous volumes on "Shakspearean Wars" Professor Lounsbury dealt at length with the controversies that had raged over Shakspeare as a dramatic artist. In the present volume he begins the history of the attempts to restore the text. His original intention of completing this in

one volume has been interfered with by the necessity of a treatment of the Pope-Theobald controversy much more elaborate than had been foreseen, so that the book before us is really an account of the "Dunciad," its origin, growth, and results, with a few chapters prefixed on the earlier history of Shakspearean editing.

These introductory chapters give an admirable summing up of the circumstances surrounding the writing and printing of plays in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, and bring out clearly the facts that there was nothing exceptional in Shakspeare's apparent indifference to the publishing of his plays, and that the corrupt state of the early prints was the natural outcome of the casual nature of their transmission in manuscript and committal to the press. In illustrating the risks which the text later ran from the backwardness of linguistic scholarship in English in the eighteenth century, Professor Lounsbury states the case in a somewhat unfortunate way. In such a line as

Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect,
the eighteenth century critic naturally jumped to the conclusion that "teaches" was merely a mistake in grammar, due to the compositor, and proceeded to emend the line, either as the editor of the Second Folio had done, by reading "dealing" for "dealings," or, as Pope did, who read "dealings teach them to." Modern textual critics retain the original reading, and it is on the ground for this retention that Professor Lounsbury's discussion leaves something to be desired. He explains the -es of "teaches" as a peculiarity of the Northern dialect, which, in the time of Shakspeare, he believes to have been still contesting a foothold against the -e derived from the regular Midland -en ending of the present indicative plural. This tendency he regards as parallel to the supplanting of the -th ending of the third person singular of the present indicative by the -s which is now the normal termination. But it is more than a dozen years since it was pointed out to Professor Lounsbury, on the appearance of his "Studies in Chaucer," that this last ending was West Midland as well as Northern, and that Northern influence was unnecessary to explain it. Thus, as a support to his explanation of the -es in the plural, it has no force. Many, if not most, English scholars find it more likely that the -es in such passages as that quoted is merely an extension of the familiar construction in which a singular verb follows a subject plural in form but singular in idea. He has, of course, a perfect right to prefer his theory of a Northern dialect origin, but hardly to state it as if it were the only alternative to the belief that the troublesome final -s was due solely to the depravity of seventeenth-century printers.

The last twenty chapters form a contribution to the literary history of the eighteenth century of the highest importance. They clear up an obscure and tangled controversy, throw light on the character and conduct of the greatest poet and the greatest Shakspearean critic of the age, and make clear the origin of its greatest satire. Much of this investigation of necessity wanders far from Shakspeare; but it is difficult to see how it could have been avoided, and the substantial results of the

author's researches ought to silence the critic who is inclined to quibble over the appropriateness of the title of the volume. "The 'Dunciad,'" Professor Lounsbury declares, "owed its existence to the revelation which had been given of Pope's incapacity as an editor, and to that alone." The absence of any accessible edition of the completed "Dunciad" of 1729, and the prevalence of the later version in which Cibber replaces Theobald as hero, have combined to obscure this all-important fact, and to deprive the satire of much of its true significance. Not only does the present volume reveal the real origin of the work, but it also corrects many serious misconceptions that have clouded the whole matter for a century and a half. The pretence of Pope that his aim was to purge society from the nuisance of petty scribblers who assailed the great, is completely unmasked; and the satirist is shown to have sought in his "Discourse on the Profund" to draw out attacks which would seem to justify such castigation as he purposed in the "Dunciad." In this he was largely disappointed, but he nevertheless proceeded to create the impression that he was being persecuted, and he deliberately falsified his statements as to the treatment accorded him in the pamphlets and journals of the day, in order to provide a justification for what was in reality a vent for his private spite and mortified vanity. The success of his efforts has lasted to the present day; and readers of English literature have been induced to believe not only that Pope's victims were malicious, but that they were really dunces, and that the "Dunciad" annihilated them. All of this now appears to be untrue. Pope is further shown, in spite of his denials, to have used the *Grub Street Journal* as a personal organ, and later to have left its editor, now for the first time identified, in the lurch, when the paper no longer served his needs.

The painful impression produced by such additional evidence of the degradation of a great writer is partly compensated for by the rehabilitation of Theobald. While this critic can by no means be freed from the charge of having stooped at times to undignified methods of controversy, he is shown to have been on the whole honest and disinterested as well as scholarly; and his position as the greatest of textual critics of Shakspeare is made clear. Many inaccuracies of detail concerning his methods and actions are corrected, and abundant evidence is produced of his learning and acumen.

"Let it not be fancied," says Professor Lounsbury in conclusion, "that I delude myself with the belief that the facts here presented, incontrovertible as they are, will reverse the verdict passed upon the man by ages too prejudiced to consider fairly, too indifferent to feel concern, too indolent to investigate. The world cares very little for justice." We may be permitted to hope that such pessimism reflects only a passing mood in the veteran scholar who has in his time labored so well for the cause of truth. Already the acknowledgments of Messrs. Clark and Wright, and the efforts of J. Churton Collins and others, have done much to give Theobald his due. The present volume will do more; and though the immediate effect may be confined to a limited circle of specialists, sooner or later the truth is sure to reach the general reader,

and even for Pope and his victims will the whirligig of time bring in his revenges.

Meantime, we wait for the conclusion of Professor Lounsbury's survey. With some restraint of his besetting sin of diffuseness and repetition it should be possible to cover the remainder of the history of the text in one volume, and the series will then stand as the most comprehensive account we possess of the posthumous fortunes of any English author.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Lady of Rome. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Crawford has no distinct message to deliver, or problem to suggest. He is essentially an entertainer. To him a novel is not a vaudeville turn or a drawing-room discourse to the initiate. The simplicity, fluidity, and vigor of his style are characteristic of his conceptions. Subtlety of temperament or character often interests him, but never mere subtlety of mind.

This story reintroduces us into the Roman circle to which "Saracinesca," "Pietro Ghisleri," and the rest gave us access long ago. The theme is that one inexhaustible theme, an unlawful love and its consequences. Its treatment is refreshing; for these sinners are not invented that a punishment may be invented, nor are they dealt with according to the familiar conventions of prosaic retribution or poetic justice. The suffering to which his lovers are brought is a human suffering, not expiated by final renunciation or death, but, as chances, terminated by a stroke of fate which unites them by all bonds. There is a casualness in the event which may seem unduly ironical, or even immoral, to persons who wish to believe that human affairs go by rote. From the dramatic point of view the dénouement is certainly inconclusive. But a novel does not follow the rules of melodrama or tragedy. If the bit of human experience which Mr. Crawford here chronicles is to be considered as data, its inconclusiveness need not be taken as insignificance. The story has the familiar swing; like its forerunners, it is decidedly a book to be read at a sitting.

The Poet and the Parish. By Mary Moss. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

One is grateful to Miss Moss for having depicted, in these days of drivel about the artistic temperament, a poet who, however socially irresponsible, is by no means morally invertebrate. He loves and marries a stupid and conventional woman, and remains faithful to her, even continues to love her, by virtue of an innate purity and fidelity of nature which "the parish"—that is, Mrs. Grundy—is incapable of understanding. He has not sinned in Adam's fall, but is a man of sound nature, whom gross temptations cannot assail. Consequently, he is blandly indifferent to the little rules of propriety which are the fruit of social expedience or of social prurience. Having suffered much from his fool of a wife, and come to despair of any sympathy from her, he leaves her for a time. Circumstances lead him into what society calls "compromising circumstances," involving a perfectly good girl, a young actress. The

wife, believing everything against him, goes back to her parents. The girl is subjected to scandalous notoriety, industriously fostered by her manager. Self-respect forces her to leave the stage, and further circumstance throws her, in a sense, upon the mercy of the poet. Believing himself finally abandoned by his wife and feeling the appeal of the girl's helplessness and trust, he is about to become her protector (we use the word in no smirking sense), when the sudden knowledge that his wife is to bear him a child recalls him, not to submission to the parish point of view, but to a renewal of the relation which he himself could never have willingly dissolved.

The story, we think, would have been more powerful, if not more immediately effective, if its tone had been less light and satirical. We are in danger of finding ourselves rather amused than aroused by the irony of the situation. It should, perhaps, be enough that there are no dull or meaningless persons or events, and that a deeper note seems to sound beneath the trebles and tenors of the social-comedy strain.

The Breath of the Runners. By Mary Mears. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Tales of the "artistic temperament" and the Bohemian life continue to multiply; apparently the market for that kind of commodity continues firm. Just now (perhaps "The Divine Fire" set the fashion), no story of the order is complete without its production of one or two masterpieces by the gifted hero or heroine, or both. It is not enough that we should observe the artistic temperament in its rather lamentable minor incarnations struggling along the high road toward the goal of a decent mediocrity. We must find productive genius presiding over whatever shabby studio we may chance to peer into, and a great work upon every second easel. We are required to love the smell of paint and the studio jargon, and to snatch a fearful joy from the spectacle of one or other pair of young idiots of different sexes being unconventional over a pint of wine in some snuffy café. This, it appears, is Youth, and Art, and Life.

These young innocents are all after Fame or Glory, and most of them "arrive," or "succeed." The standard of success is, to be sure, not very exacting; one has to distance a rival and make the critics "sit up and take notice." "The Breath of the Runners" describes the race between two young women, sculptors and close friends, for this kind of goal. The writer has a serious purpose. "So long," reads the Preface, "as our cities are centres of inflamed and abnormal activity into which all types are drawn and set acting and reacting upon one another in a relentless and incessant struggle to attain preëminence, just so long the parable contained in 'The Breath of the Runners' must have weight." What is the parable? Two poor American girls make their way to Paris and the inevitable Quartier. One is honestly in pursuit of excellence; the other desires to be praised, and particularly to be praised above her friend. Each produces the expected masterpiece and is given place in the year's salon. Then something happens which the author re-

gards as tragic, but which to us seems nearly farcical. Enid, the self-seeking artist and faithless friend, has made a daring group of a death-angel giving a cup to a dying soldier. The angel, "mysterious and buoyant, is gay even to laughter. Her eyes meet the observer with a deep, inexplicable mirth, and like the eyes of some pictures, they follow him wherever he goes." This work, at first hailed with applause, is presently pronounced by the critic as sensational and insincere. The group represents not the joy of death, but the joy of life. The other girl's work grows in favor. Enid determines to prove the sincerity of her work, and, according to the author, effects this perfectly by drowning herself in the Seine. The critics take it all back, and the immortal merit of the work is assured by a supreme manifestation of insane vanity! If it were not for this absurd person and the incidents which concern her, the novel would be exceptionally good of its kind. There is plenty of material in the story of Beulah Marcel, a really credible and desirable woman, and her experiences of art and of love, without resorting to the motive of morbid rivalry.

Henry Northcote. By J. C. Snaith. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co.

Thirty-four out of the thirty-nine chapters of this story we read with scant patience. The narrative passages are written in the worst style imaginable, turgid, affected, diffuse, with a minimum of grammatical soundness and a maximum of rhetorical effort. "Why not demand it with all the fervor of his nature, like others who had sought their opportunity had done so often?" "All the subtle implements of his nature could not resolve such a potency as that." And so on. For the substance of the story not much more can be said. Most of the characters are shadowy nuisances, and the hero is a fantastic bore. There is much fumbling at psychological analysis of nothing in particular, and much detailed reporting of what is declared to be the matchless eloquence of the cheerful Northcote. We might be reading the first literary effort of some grocer's clerk whose literary enthusiasm hung fire between Marie Corelli and Anna Katherine Green. It is only the hope that the latter is really the presiding genius of the narrative that carries us through those thirty-four chapters. We seem to be following, though at a snail's pace, the scent of some "detective" mystery. Henry Northcote, a half-starved barrister, receives a brief for the defendant in a murder trial. The accused is a prostitute, who has killed her lover of the moment under singularly brutal circumstances. Northcote's speech in her defence is a tissue of lies and sophistries, but it wins the verdict. And here, some three-quarters of the way through the dawdling volume, a real story begins. Out of all this verbiage and sentimentality emerges something distressingly like the naked truth. At his moment of triumph Northcote wakes to a sense of his own perfidy; and perceives to his despair that the price of his achievement is moral wreck. He has prostituted his youthful ideals and his manly powers to the service of unworthy ambition. He has destroyed his faith in himself.

Outface it as he might, the flaw was

in himself. It had been there from the beginning. . . . Better a thousand times not be distinguished from the mediocrity he was never weary of despising, than to be at the mercy of a genius that would compass his destruction.

In this hour of possible regeneration comes to him the woman whom he has saved from merited punishment. She, it seems, is a victim of heredity and circumstance, and with all her villainess not utterly lost. She looks to him with hope as the possible saviour of her soul as he has been of her body. He is pitiless with himself and with her. He tells her that he has saved her not in the hope of a higher justice, or in a spirit of Christ-like compassion, but to advance his own fortunes. He is no longer worthy or capable of the task which she proposes for him. So he extinguishes the last ember of soul in her, and she, reverting to the wiles of her trade, usurps his body. Having dragged him to her level, she wishes to die at his hand, and at length by force achieves her end. He then quite deliberately plans and effects the concealment of the deed, and the final destruction of his own soul. Nothing remains of him but his genius and his ambition, and they are allowed to go scot-free. The brutal directness and simplicity of the means employed to effect this partial escape are impressive in a manner strangely yet logically at variance with the vague inconsequence of the narrative up to the point of climax. However reluctantly, one must yield to such a book the admiration due to a thing of crude force.

Portraits and Jewels of Mary Stuart. By Andrew Lang. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.75 net.

Among all the uncertainties by which Mary Stuart is enveloped the two most baffling relate to the authorship of the Casket Letters and the Queen's personal appearance. Mr. Lang, whose courage is above reproach, grappled with the Casket Letters in his "Mystery of Mary Stuart." He now brings to the study of the portraits his usual willingness to state and defend a distinct opinion. "I hold," he says, "that some portraits do more than is commonly supposed to vindicate Mary's character for beauty, and, above all, for charm. I shall be taxed with credulity but that is a charge which does not afflict me."

One follows naturally the process of exclusion, and in the case of Marian portraiture it can be pursued almost as far as with the pictures ascribed to Leonardo and Giorgione. At the Glasgow International Exhibition of 1901 there were displayed eighteen portraits or miniatures, of which Mr. Lang at once declares fifteen to be spurious and misleading. Most of these "hopeless effigies" represent false types that can be traced to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries or even to a period not more remote than the regency of George IV. The "round-faced nun-like person," the lady with a crown and crucifix, the Book-of-Beauty heroine, are all there, together with several miniatures on ivory, though this material was not used by miniature painters for a hundred years after the axe fell at Fotheringhay. However, since Henri Bouchot will admit the authenticity of only four portraits among the hundreds named after Mary Stuart, the

management of the Glasgow Exhibition did well to secure as many as three for which something can be said. Mr. Lang, however, is less skeptical than M. Bouchot. Distinguishing between portraits of whose authenticity there is complete proof and those that stand in close relation to the authentic portraits, he enumerates thirteen likenesses which have a true historical value. The list embraces three drawings, five miniatures, two portraits, and a medallion.

One fixed feature of all the authentic portraits is the long, low, straight nose. The Queen is also known to have had a rather long face. Most people believe that Mary Stuart was very beautiful, and undoubtedly a large part of the interest bestowed upon her career is traceable to this impression. In the portraits, however, it requires an uncommon degree of enthusiasm to discover any sign of exceptionally good looks. Some of the devotional portraits reveal dignity, but they are not the most authentic, and, besides, like most of the others, they are a long way from suggesting beauty. Yet the fact remains, as Mr. Lang has phrased it: "Mary was either beautiful or she bewitched people into thinking that she was beautiful." For purposes of contemporary effect it made little difference whether her beauty was apparent or real, but at this distance of time it is a matter of considerable interest to determine what she actually looked like.

For ourselves we much prefer the crayon sketches which were done in France between 1559 and 1561. No one seems to dispute the pedigree of "Le Deuil Blanc," by François Clouet, and there are good grounds for placing confidence in the sketch of Mary, as Dauphine, by Jehan de Court. The hardness of these artists is well known and can be allowed for. Expression is their weak point. But in the delineation of features they were careful and can be depended upon to furnish a pretty accurate chart of the face as well as a most punctilious reproduction of costume and jewels. They give no impression whatever of the Queen's animation or *natural*, but the elements of physiognomy are there.

Mr. Lang takes a great interest in the Melville portrait, so-called because it is the property of the Earl of Leven and Melville. It has undoubted merit and claims to be authentic on the score of the jewels which it introduces. The picture belongs ostensibly to 1559-60; the costume is ascribed by experts to a date not earlier than 1572; while, in the opinion of the late Sir George Scharf and Lionel Cust, the style of painting bespeaks a period still later. Against these considerations Mr. Lang's strong point is that the jewels shown in the portrait are distinctly set down in the inventory of Mary's personal possessions and could not have been known to an artist of the seventeenth century. On the question of date he is willing to yield a little, but he stands firm on the main issue:

It will be conceded, I think, that if the Leven and Melville portrait is not an original, probably painted in France about 1560, it is a very good copy of such an original, and not an archaeological reconstruction of the seventeenth century.

The reason why this particular portrait merits Mr. Lang's championship is that it

has a glow of life which one does not get in the crayons of Clouet and Jehan de Court. But even allowing its essential authenticity, the charm of Mary Stuart must have come from her temperament rather than from her features.

Especially in its account of the Queen's jewels this study is a valuable addition to the knowledge of all who have not the advantage of being Scottish antiquarians.

A Queen of Queens: The Making of Spain. By Christopher Hare. Illustrated. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.

The history of Spain, first and last, gives admirable scope for picturesque writing. The commonplace of the bourgeois never meets its historian, and if he has commonplaces he brings them himself. Distinction is the note; even the peasant, if not somebody's son, has his sense of blood and difference: he is an old Catholic, with no drop of unchristian blood, or he is secretly proud of his Oriental inheritance from Hebrew or Arab ancestry. So, too, the church stands apart; treats equally with Rome and makes Rome yield; the Cid of legend cannot endure the papal chair above that of Spain. And not without cause did the last knight-errant run there his gallant career, and follow ideal if wandering fires, and the last chronicler of the spirit of the middle ages in melancholy irony close and crown the record of that period with the tale of its noblest son. Good two centuries were to pass before the modern world appeared and laid Don Quixote's lance again in rest; and over that space the most idealistic figure is the brain-struck Spaniard. And now in the awakening Spain there stirs the same spirit of distinction, in art, in letters, and in life. It may give visions far removed from ours of comfortable subjection to the opinion of the many, but the commonplace cannot rule it. If, in Oriental fashion, there is unrest and disturbance, there is, too, Oriental color and spontaneity.

As a seeker of the picturesque, then, Mr. Hare has turned from his Italian studies to the story of Isabella the Catholic. Her and her fortunes he frankly regards as such material; he makes no claims, we take it, to independent historical research. Rather guided by previous leanings, he has endeavored to gain such familiarity with her achievements and her entanglements as may enable him to put all these vividly before the more casual reader. And the material has answered to his hand. We have here, if not a minutely and conscientiously scholarly, yet a brilliant, an intelligible, and a fairly correct picture of her and her times.

The first fifty pages are given to Moorish Spain from the conquest until the birth of Isabella in the little walled town of Madrigal in Castile. From this point there is a wealth of illuminating detail. If we cannot be sure that the elaborate disentangling of motives is sound, evidently sound are the broad sketches of character: the devoted and queenly Isabella herself; her enigma of a husband, a strayed figure from the Italian Renaissance, uneasy in the simpler Spain; her daughter Catharine of England, a child in a foreign land, driven to set her wits against the unscrupulous keenness of Henry

VII.; Henry VII. himself a fit opponent for Ferdinand; Margaret of Austria, now lying in marble in the church of Brou; the persistent Columbus; Cardinal Mendoza of the Polyglot, Granada, and the Inquisition; and, long surviving all the rest, Queen Juana, *la loca*, "the Mad," dying only in 1555, and at last permitting her son, the Emperor Charles V., to seek rest in his cell. If the Moorish figures are mere shadows flitting across the stage, no other historian has succeeded in making them real. In all treatments, this war of the last reconquest looms like a fight with ghosts, or at best with the puppet heroes of a romantic legend. They were of an alien world, one of which the historians of Spain have so far had little direct knowledge, and could in no wise make to live; and among them no great personality stood out with convincing reality, as had done the earlier Saladin. Not even a pathetic interest is created; Boabdil, himself, missing his true fate in his last battle for his own, strikes no such tragic note as the great refusal of Charles Edward at Culloden. His last sigh might come from an opera.

But on the Spanish side all the events are great and weighty, and it is always plain that the world is the stage. The reconquest, the Inquisition, the New World, Ferdinand's scheme of European empire, are unravelled here as definite facts, even though they are made subject to the picturesque. The great outburst of Spanish energy, the breaking into a new over-seas life, the essential dignity, force, and difference of the Spanish character, all make Mr. Hare's treatment possible and even successful. That he is somewhat given to adjectives is only natural, and that his enthusiasms run high is still more natural. The historian would be scientific, in sad truth, whom Isabella the Catholic would not carry off his feet. That he seems hardly to have read his proof-sheets is another matter; to be balanced perhaps by the excellent illustrations.

A History of Higher Education in America. By Charles F. Thwing, LL.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$3 net.

The president of Western Reserve University, a graduate of Harvard thirty years ago, has rendered a good service to the students of education, in this country and abroad, by the preparation of an historical volume which is full and comprehensive, though it does not profess to be exhaustive. He informs us that it is the result of twenty-five years' study (not exclusive, however) of that most interesting problem, the origin and development of American universities, colleges, and other higher institutions of learning. The scope is wide, and yet it is restricted. For example, the great scientific societies, the museums, and observatories receive only incidental mention; and the independent foundations of Smithsonian and Rockefeller are not described. There is an intimation, however, that in a future "history of education, in all grades in this country, during forty years," the writer will discuss certain subjects which are briefly considered in this volume.

One-third of the volume is devoted to the pre-revolutionary period. Of course, Harvard, William and Mary, and Yale receive the most attention; but

Princeton, Pennsylvania, and Columbia come in for briefer notices; and Brown, Rutgers, and Dartmouth are not overlooked. Then follows an account of later foundations in all parts of the country, and special chapters on Finances, the Education of Women, Undergraduate Affairs, Professional Schools, Courses of Study, earlier and later, with a brief final résumé on "the general results" of all these efforts and undertakings.

The volume is very readable, and its pages are enlivened by many personal sketches of men who were prominent in educational movements. It is not surprising that in so wide a survey there are occasional slips on the part of the narrator, and that there are omissions which the friends of each institution that is named will regret. The work should have been more thoroughly revised. There is no attempt to give a philosophical review of the various forces which have contributed to the intellectual progress of the country. On the other hand, there is no other volume which contains such a full account of the manifold, intelligent, self-denying, and successful endeavors of the American people to secure for their youth the highest advantages of liberal culture.

It is fortunate that the endeavor to secure higher education both in New England and in Virginia was developed in the very earliest colonial days, and that the colleges were established on the principles and with the methods of the universities of Great Britain. These original colleges were established in a period when the university idea was suppressed in Oxford and Cambridge by the growth of funds, discipline, and usages more strictly collegiate, and it was long before the word "university" was used with any freedom on this side of the ocean. As the country increased in population and in resources, the English ideas, modified and adapted to new conditions, were transmitted to every one of the United States, so that "the college" represents to this day, from Maine to California, substantially the same conception. Dr. Thwing brings out this fact especially in his narrative of the origin and growth of Southern and Western institutions.

The original colleges were largely, but not exclusively, governed by ecclesiastics. Ministers of the Gospel were the educated class, and before lawyers, physicians, and the laity in general made themselves felt, the ministry cherished and guided the infantile establishments. This affords no reason for regrets. It was the best thing that could be done in those simple and impecunious days. Even now there are many who prefer this mode of control, as is shown by the large number of denominational foundations established in recent years. On the other hand, the establishment of non-sectarian State universities in the original Northwest Territory has had a wonderful influence for good. They have been free from ecclesiastical control, but they have stood firmly and effectively for the promotion of sound learning and for the advancement of professional training, schools of theology being purposely omitted.

During the last half century a third class of universities has come to the front. Cornell, Johns Hopkins, Chicago, Leland Stanford, and Tulane are conspicuous examples, where private munificence has establish-

ed self-perpetuating boards of control, independent alike of States and churches.

On the whole, every patriot may follow with Dr. Thwing his appreciative review, rejoicing that so much has been done, and on the whole so well done, for the support of higher education, the preservation of the lessons of the past, and the encouragement of literature and science; and the supporters of superior education are certainly grateful to the author for bringing together such a mass of details on this important subject.

A Priced Lincoln Bibliography. By William H. Smith, Jr. Privately printed.

The interest among collectors in everything relating to Abraham Lincoln has been increasing of recent years, and as a subject for collecting, books about Lincoln may even rival the older favorite of American collectors, books about Washington. The interest in a line of book-collecting may be gauged, with more or less accuracy, by the number of bibliographies on the subject. The first attempt at a Lincoln bibliography was compiled by Charles Henry Hart and Andrew Boyd, and published by the latter in Albany in 1870: "A Memorial Lincoln Bibliography; being an Account of Books, Eulogies, Sermons, Portraits, Engravings, Medals, etc., published upon Abraham Lincoln," etc. Bartlett's "Literature of the Rebellion," 1866, should perhaps have precedence, for, though covering a larger field, it included some three hundred eulogies, sermons, poems, etc., on the death of Lincoln. In 1900, Daniel Fish of Minneapolis compiled his "Lincoln Literature: A Bibliographical Account of Books and Pamphlets Relating to Abraham Lincoln," published by the Minneapolis Public Library. The next issue of this character appeared from the Government Printing Office in 1903: "A List of Lincolniana in the Library of Congress," by George Thomas Ritchie. The latest contribution is "A Priced Lincoln Bibliography," compiled by William H. Smith, Jr. There is also announced for immediate publication a new and much enlarged edition of Mr. Fish's book, to be called this time a "Lincoln Bibliography." This latter was prepared for publication in the Gettysburg edition of Lincoln's works, and only forty copies will be issued separately, each to be interleaved, for additions.

A comparison of Fish's "Lincoln Literature," 1900; Ritchie's "List," 1903, and Smith's "Priced Bibliography," 1906, does not show, as it should, that the last is the best. If the author had called it a "Priced List of Books about Lincoln" instead of a "Lincoln Bibliography," he would have done something to disarm criticism. A bibliography it is not. The titles are much condensed, and in some cases badly condensed, and many of the collations are faulty. The prices will doubtless be a useful guide, but while they are said, "with very few exceptions," to be those paid at auction, nothing is said as to the condition of the book or the circumstances of the sale, and in no case is more than a single price noted. In some cases several copies of the same book have presumably been sold, but whether the price given is the highest or the lowest, or an average, we know not. The Library of Congress

"List" is the most accurate bibliographical, and naturally, for no books were described except those directly before the cataloguer. The titles are sometimes condensed, but condensed according to well-known bibliographical rules. In Fish's book the titles are transcribed, generally at full length, and the collations are full for the most part, from the books themselves. The collations of some books, not seen by the compiler, are faulty. In Mr. Smith's "Bibliography," no printer's or publisher's name is given; explanatory matter, which by Fish was inclosed in square brackets to indicate that it was not on the title, is sometimes printed without the brackets; and the preliminary pages are, with possibly a very few exceptions, omitted from the collations. For example, where the Library of Congress "List" gives the collation as "xiii., 476 pp." and "(2), xv., 471 pp." Smith says only "pp. 476" and "pp. 471." These are not isolated cases, some fifteen cases having been counted among the entries under B alone. Smith's "Bibliography" in its 64 pages of books contains something like 1,100 entries, but a considerable number are more or less general works on the Civil War, and volumes of verse containing one or more poems on Lincoln. Taking the entries under the letter B as a basis, the Library of Congress "List" (excluding references to collected works) shows 89 entries of books actually in the library; Fish's 1900 list contains 105; and Smith's compilation, excluding general works, bibliographies, volumes of verse, and a few such books as "Old Abe," the Live War Eagle of Wisconsin, which are dimly and distantly Lincolniana if such at all, contains 119 entries. Several of these are books issued during the last five years.

The Principles of English Verse. By Charleston M. Lewis, Professor of English Literature in Yale University. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25 net.

So far as it goes, this little book is excellent. Apparently it is made up from the lectures, more or less recast, which have proved useful to the author's students in verse-composition. The style is informal and readable and the treatment is marked by good sense and great clarity; clarity and good sense combined are alone enough to give some distinction to a work on English versification. Of originality the author does not claim much. The general line of procedure is indicated by the chapter headings: "Rhythm and Metre," "The Pentameter Line," "Blank Verse," "Rhymed Pentameters," "Miscellaneous Metres," "Embellishments of Verse." Some clever demonstrations are furnished by partly rewriting well-known passages in a way to illustrate the points in question.

The serious defect which led us to begin with the cautionary phrase, "so far as it goes," unfortunately, touches the very basis of Professor Lewis's doctrine of rhythm, which is perfectly sound, but which requires an addition to make it adequate. "Rhythm may be roughly defined," he says, "as a recurrence of similar phenomena at regular intervals of time." He goes on to set forth admirably two well established principles. First, the rhythm of speech, in verse and prose alike, is merely one manifestation of our

instinctive tendency to give a rhythmic form to all recurrent muscular efforts. Second, our aesthetic sense rejects, after early childhood, a rhythm that is too mechanically perfect; a certain degree of conflict between the ideal scheme in the mind and the actual series of sounds, which plays about and reveals, but seldom reproduces perfectly, the ideal scheme, is essential to continued pleasure. Mr. Lewis also restates very well another important fact, that the place of a stressed syllable in the ideal scheme is often filled satisfactorily by a syllable that is normally unstressed; the time is kept sufficiently, and rhythm is a thing of times. But accepting all this, and returning now to the ideal scheme, is the rhythm of our verse adequately described by saying that the stressed syllables recur at equal intervals, and that the number of intervening syllables is limited thus or thus? Mr. Lewis shies at the notion of the foot in English. He is willing to use the ancient terms, dactyl, iambus, and the rest, in the modern naming of syllabic groups; but since "feet are not organic elements of rhythm" (italics ours), he concludes that "analysis of verse by feet is like analysis of pictures by square inches." But the illustration is imperfect and misleading. He should have taken, not a picture, but a design that is really analogous to a rhythmic scheme—as a meander, a Doric frieze, a Bokhara rug. Designs like these can be analyzed only by a process very like the analysis of verse by feet. But a better comparison is with music. "The single melody is the molecule of music, the smallest element in it that cannot be subdivided without loss of character," says William Gregory Mason. But the musician would laugh at the idea that analysis of music by measures is like analysis of a picture by square inches. The foot and the measure alike are real units in the rhythm of verse and music, respectively. Without such a unit there is no rhythm. To describe the measure, to indicate the relation of its parts to each other, is the first step in describing a piece of musical rhythm. Shrinking from the analogous step in describing verse, Mr. Lewis has no means of indicating some of the commonest phenomena—for instance, the obvious difference of rhythm between

The world was all before them
and
To blunder down a valley.
By his traditional method both alike are
o-o-o-o-o

Nor can he indicate the characteristic rhythmic type of such lines as these:

Hame came my gude man, and hame came he.
John Brown's body lies a moldering in the grave.
Who found me in wine you drank once?

It is not enough to say that frequently there is "no light syllable at all between stresses."

In short, having once recognized that rhythm concerns time-intervals, why need one fear to take the next step, logically inevitable? The time-relations between the syllables in each group are what chiefly characterize each kind of rhythm. Without the notion of the foot there is no way of clearly marking or describing rhythm in verse, as there is no way of describing musical rhythm without the measure, or bar. Mr. Lewis's definition of rhythm is both clumsier and less complete than the

ancient one, "a regular arrangement of time-intervals." The foot is a group of times which by repetition, with or without variation, characterizes and measures a longer series. The relation between up-beat and down-beat, arsis and thesis, within the foot is an essential part of the characterization. If we use the ancient marks of quantity in their original sense, and mark ictus or rhythmic stress by the acute accent, and then divide the feet as we divide music by the bar, the first two examples above are

$\bar{u} | \bar{u} | \bar{u} | \bar{u} |$
 and $\bar{u} | \bar{u} | \bar{u} | \bar{u} |$

This notes the differences accurately. The examples of the second group are all in even time, up-beat and down-beat being equal. Why reject a method so simple and adequate? If Mr. Lewis could take this one logical step, he might give us a book which would reveal, to all who care to penetrate it, the whole heart of the mystery of English verse-rhythms.

The Passing of Korea. By Homer B. Hulbert. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$3.80 net.

Books on Korea may be named by the dozen, but this is *the* book. Professor Hulbert has the genius of research. Whatever is Korean interests him, and during two decades he has sought knowledge in every direction, from nursery rhymes and verbal folk-lore to private manuscript and printed encyclopædia. Having founded the *Korea Review*, he has been not only editor, but chief contributor. What our own S. Wells Williams did for China, he is doing for Korea, and the present volume is the result of personal observation, literary research, intelligent industry, and of the co-operation of native scholars. His style is bright and rapid, his examples and illustrations from personal experience are abundant, and, happily for his readers, he has a sense of humor. Sometimes, indeed, he seems to care more for fun than for severe dignity of style.

On the Korean language, Professor Hulbert is an authority. In treating of literature, art, folk-lore, woman's position, manners and customs, he writes with easy command of resources. The book is handsomely printed, and there is a good index. The pictures are all full-page, and are from photographs, mostly new, several of extreme interest.

The historical narrative, which is condensed from the author's "History of Korea," already printed in his *Review*, though presented in very readable form, does not satisfy all the rigid requirements of modern criticism. There are no notes or references. The fact is, however, that in the field of ancient and mediæval history the materials are not yet ready upon which a critical historian can work. We cannot feel that in these stretches of time Mr. Hulbert has always carefully separated what may be called a reasonable view of actuality from superabundant legend and tradition. There is slight proof of any severe examination of Chinese sources, while most of that which is solid ground in Japanese history seems to be an unexplored land to the writer. When he comes to modern history, he is clear and full, and, on the whole, surprisingly ju-

dicial. We use our words advisedly, for Mr. Hulbert does not conceal the fact that he has all along, and sometimes with heat, protested against the seizure of Korea by Japan; he even came to the United States, and acted in Washington as the Korean Emperor's private emissary. The opening chapter, on the modern history of Japan, is extremely one-sided. It is, moreover, curious that the one foot-note in the book is from that piece of caricature and extravagance entitled "The New Far East," a quotation which seems an arrant absurdity to those who know Japan fairly well. Yet with all deductions this work leads all books on Korea in richness of information, and the conclusion shows the author's broad-mindedness. He says:

Korea can gain nothing by holding back and offering to the plans of Japan a sulky resistance. They are face to face with a definite condition, and theories as to the morality of the forces which brought about the condition are wholly academic.

His concluding paragraph is a noble plea for education and American sympathy.

Drama.

Kate. A Comedy in Four Acts. By Bronson Howard. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.

After a prolonged silence, Bronson Howard comes forward with an international comedy in four acts, called "Kate," presented in narrative form; that is to say, the dialogue is pieced together by the aid of the stage directions and other explanatory or descriptive matter with which the up-to-date dramatist ekes out the limited imagination of the modern actor. It is a play with a moral which, reduced to its simplest expression, is that marriage, when contracted solely for the sake of money or rank, is little better than prostitution. Written in the vein of the best of his previous plays, "Aristocracy," it exhibits similar virtues and defects. It shows observation, inventiveness, and timely purpose, together with a considerable amount of constructive skill, but these good qualities are marred by an unfortunate extravagance both in types and incidents and an occasional descent into rather crude sensationalism.

Few thoughtful persons will dispute the truth of the general proposition that marriage without mutual affection is nearly always unwise and very often degrading, but it does not follow that a fiery mutual passion is the sole and sufficient justification of the tie matrimonial. Between love and passion the distinction is very wide indeed—although they may be coexistent—but of this fact some of Mr. Howard's characters seem to be ignorant. The heroine, the lovely daughter of an American multi-millionaire, is engaged to the heir of an English duke, but is in love with his brother, a clergyman, whom she encounters at a masked ball where they gazed into each other's eyes without speaking. Later on, when she is about to be married and he is engaged, they meet again and the flame kindled by that fatal glance is renewed. Her betrothed, it appears, has ruined one of his father's dependents, and the complications lead to discussions of the marriage relation which could scarcely be

spoken on the stage and, in any event, are more radical than judicious. In the end matters are straightened out more *theatrical* by a reassortment of partners, but the assurance of "happiness ever after" is by no means strong. The play is interesting reading, but carries no conviction with it.

"The attempt and not the deed confounds us," cried Lady Macbeth. This motto was illustrated in the representation of Browning's dramatic poem "Pippa Passes" in the Majestic Theatre on Monday afternoon. The projectors of the hazardous experiment deserve credit for their courage, liberality, and manifest pains. This episodic, phantasmagoric piece, with its subtle psychology and complicated utterance, is singularly lacking in the coherence and sequence so vital to acted drama, and the only chance of successful performance must lie in a brilliant interpretation of its text—a vocal realization of its imagery and a clarification of its more recondite passages—and a vivid portrayal, amounting to incarnation, of the leading characters. None of these requirements was fulfilled on this occasion. Mrs. Le Moine has long been known as an effective and intelligent reader of Browning, but she has not the temperament or other qualifications for the embodiment of such a part as that of the enchantress Ottima, with her fiery passion and supple guile. She spoke her lines with sufficient elocutionary skill, but lacked passion and plastic grace. The Sebald of William Beach was utterly inadequate. There was some glow of fervor and romance in the Jules of Charles Gotthold, but the Phene of Eleanora Leigh had no quality to account for the spell which she was supposed to exercise. Mabel Talliaferro, whose acting is full of promise, gave a clever girlish performance of Pippa, but the long opening soliloquy of the play contains too much for her present powers of expression. The literary side of the entertainment, indeed, fell far short of its intent and possibilities. But the scenery was wholly admirable in its beauty and appropriateness, and the musical accompaniment, written by William Furst, if not remarkable for originality or invention, exhibited a sense of what was fitting, and was played by an orchestra of rare excellence for a theatre.

The Russian actress, Madame Alla Nazimova, who in her native tongue has already established for herself a position of considerable prominence on the local stage, played in English for the first time in the Princess Theatre, on Tuesday afternoon, and, if she did not actually triumph over all difficulties, fully justified the hope that she may do so in a not remote future. She appeared as Ibsen's Hedda Gabler, a part which has been accounted among her best achievements, and marked its most obnoxious characteristics with an almost lurid emphasis. The strange language was plainly a great handicap and enforced a deliberation which created an effect of melodramatic artificiality, but her conception was original, bold, and consistent, and illustrated at times by striking eloquence of pose and gesture.

Miss Ellen Terry will begin her American tour in January. According to present plans she will make her first appearance

here in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," but she will have several other plays with her, and is likely to be seen in Portia and other favorite parts.

The Paris theatrical season has opened with two successes, one of which was bound to have considerable merit. Both deal, though differently, with the everlasting marital event and its consequences. The "Passagères," by Capus, who is still the most popular of high-class amusers in Paris, gives the series of adventures befalling a husband, so good-natured that his daughter's governess, his wife's milliner, and his own cousin in need, to whom he wishes to do charity, take him away from the wife whom he loves. Parisians laugh, even the *jeune personne*, who, under the new régime, is brought to such plays. The "Préférence" of Lucien Descaves is quite different, full of the tragic emotions caused by the uncertainties of the Everlasting Feminine. The hero has two daughters, of whom the younger is his "preferred." Some busybody persuades him that she is not his own, and the wife, already repentant through many long years, confesses. Hence much fine fury and the packing off of mother and hitherto preferred daughter into outer space—until the man finds he loves the girl too much.

The English Drama Society proposes to give a series of representations of the old Chester mystery plays in the city of Chester, and has secured the consent of the mayor and other local authorities. The dean of Chester, however, and his bishop have entered a protest against any such proceedings, on the ground that to many persons they will be offensive if not actually blasphemous.

Music.

"MADAM BUTTERFLY" AS AN OPERA.

One of the most complete operatic fiascos on record was that of Puccini's latest work, "Madam Butterfly," when it was first produced at Milan on February 17, 1904. The score was thereupon withdrawn and revised, and in the new version it proved a sensational success in London. The great cast with which it was presented (it included Miss Destinn and MM. Caruso and Scotti) no doubt was an important factor. The performance of an English version at the Garden Theatre on Monday night by the Henry W. Savage Opera Company afforded the first opportunity in this city of weighing the merits and demerits of the novelty. After the first act it seemed easier to understand the Milan failure than the London success; but the second and third acts made a more favorable impression.

Mr. Savage has certainly staged "Madam Butterfly" beautifully. There is a picturesque view of Nagasaki lighted up at night, and there are Fujis and Buddhas, and shoshi, and kimonos, and a nakedo, and wistarias, and "cherry" blossoms galore. The music, too, is full of Japanese local color, and that constitutes its principal charm. Puccini not only introduces genuine Japanese airs, but so harmonizes them as to emphasize their exotic quality. Some of them recur as leading

motives, and by this repetition gain much in impressiveness. In other respects Puccini has learned from Wagner—in the art of subtle and varied orchestral coloring and in the saturation of his score with voluptuous chords of the ninth *à la* "Tristan und Isolde." One thing, unfortunately, he could not learn from Wagner—the art of originating new melodies. The absence of melodic originality is his weak point. What makes his operas popular now is that Puccini understands extremely well how to write effectively for singers as well as for players. The love duo in the first act of "Madam Butterfly" will never fail to arouse enthusiasm when well sung, as it was on Monday by Mme. Szamosy and Mr. Sheehan. The manifold charms of the orchestral score were fully revealed under the conductorship of Walter Rothwell.

DR. MUCK AND THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

The interest in orchestral concerts is growing in New York city. The Philharmonic Society has had an advance sale of season tickets exceeding by several thousand dollars that of any of the other sixty-four years of its existence. Walter Damrosch has felt called upon to give four Saint-Saëns concerts (with the coöperation of that composer) instead of two; and when the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its first Carnegie Hall concert, last Thursday, not only was every seat taken, but there was a brisk demand for more tickets than could be supplied. This state of affairs was the more significant inasmuch as there was no singer, pianist, or violinist to give the variety and popular interest commonly supposed to be essential to a successful orchestral concert.

The soloist's place was usurped by Dr. Muck, Boston's new musical pilot. Would he prove to be a man of mere polish and precision, like Gericke; or of excessive energy and misplaced accent, like Paur; or a true poet and interpreter, like Nikisch? Inasmuch as only two composers were represented on the programme, a decisive answer to such questions would be premature. Still, Dr. Muck's way of interpreting Beethoven's fifth symphony and three Wagner numbers—the "Faust Overture," "Siegfried Idyll," and "Meistersinger" prelude—probably gave a fair measure of his artistic stature and traits. It cannot be denied that Beethoven's symphonies have become somewhat faded through excessive repetition. To freshen the interest in them we need strongly individual interpretations. From this point of view, Dr. Muck proved disappointing. While not strictly metronomic, he is, on the whole, conventional, and if he nevertheless succeeded in making the music sound bright, this was owing chiefly to an animation which seems to be his chief trait, and which he is able to impart to his players. In the Wagner numbers the new conductor proved a great improvement on his predecessor. For once the brass players were allowed to make themselves heard where the music is marked fortissimo. Yet climax-building is not Dr. Muck's strong point. The "Meistersinger" Vorspiel left much on that score to be desired. In the "Siegfried Idyll" one missed the subtle contrasts and miniature climaxes, so to speak, with the aid of which

Seidl used to make this *sinfonietta domestica* seem so beautiful. At the Saturday afternoon concert Dr. Muck proved himself an excellent Brahms conductor, and there was more poetry in his interpretation of Weber's "Oberon" and "Freischütz" overtures than in any of his performances at the first concert.

There was a time when pianists had to stoop to conquer; even the greatest of them, Liszt, was obliged, early in his career, to indulge in daring feats of virtuosity calculated to astonish rather than to exalt his hearers. Rubinstein did not have to do this; nor has Paderewski ever done it. In this there ought to be a lesson for Moritz Rosenthal, who began his fourth American tour last Wednesday at Carnegie Hall. For more than two decades this Galician pianist has been famed for his skill in mastering difficulties, but a place among the greatest was denied him because technical skill was so much more in evidence than artistic feeling. There had been reports from abroad that he had begun to curb his virtuosity and subordinate it to more musical impulses. His choice of Brahms's "Variations on a Theme by Paganini"—an abnormally difficult but absolutely empty show piece—and his playing of his "contrapuntal study in thirds" on a Chopin valse, which degrades one of the loveliest pieces into a vulgar show piece, seemed to indicate that the leopard had not changed his spots. Luckily, his interpretation of two concertos—Chopin's E minor and Liszt's E flat major—revealed him in a far more favorable light. While he played these, no one thought of the technique, but only of the beautiful music and the exquisite art of the interpreter. It was authoritative playing—poetic, tender, graceful, and with an admixture of interpretative genius.

The grand opera season begins at the Metropolitan in Thanksgiving week. The programme for the first week includes "Romeo et Juliette" (with Farrar, Plançon, and Rousselière, who has taken the place of Jean de Reszke at the Paris Opéra), "Marta," "Tannhäuser," and "Fedora." Probably there will also be a popular performance of last season's success, "Hänsel and Grete."

The season at the Paris Opéra opened with an event of the first order—Massenet's new piece, "Ariane," with its libretto by Catulle Mendès. These two—Massenet at sixty-four, Mendès at sixty-six—are veterans, each in his own art. Massenet has evidently striven valiantly to rise above the prettinesses of his prime. The poet, whose voluminous rhyming has often been too precious and easy, has now given the same care to a mere libretto which he devoted to the classical drama of "Medea," all his own.

Art.

THE NEW YORK WATER-COLOR CLUB.

The seventeenth annual exhibition of the New York Water-Color club is open at the American Fine Arts building, No. 215 West Fifty-seventh Street, till December 2. The 361 pictures are not as a whole above the

average of mediocrity. The fashion remains in this exhibition, as elsewhere, to seek in water-color almost any effect but those most properly characteristic of the medium. There are plenty of effects of oil or pastel or lithograph, but very few examples of pure wash-drawing or handling that reveal transparent color and deftness of touch.

An instance of the falsification that may come of overconfidence in the "blottesque" technique is the "Moonlight in Katwijk," by Arthur Feudel, in which, as in certain atmospheric effects by Cazin, the surface of the house seems to be sloughing off a kind of luminous slime. Truer to nature are two moonlight scenes by Adelaide Deming, which suggest with much charm, through low tones indistinguishably rubbed together, the soft glow of dusk. One feels at once with relief, in turning to the two New England coast scenes by Childe Hassam, that one of the elements of their superior strength is their boldness of touch. The boldness, indeed, is almost blatant, but, with this reservation, the manner is a marvel of summary handling, and the pictures themselves, with a third, his "Newfield Village," are unsurpassed in the exhibition of deftness, vivacity of color, and force in the presentation of a vivid and authentic impression. Two scenes by George Wharton Edwards, "Early Morning—Monhegan" and "Irish Fishermen Entering Port," are fresh in feeling and sufficiently vigorous in handling. Three scenes by Fred. Wagner are remarkable for their pleasantly strong and crude color and for a certain blunt directness of drawing. Charles Warren Eaton is represented by several landscapes quiet in tone and Dutch in derivation. Several Moorish scenes by Addison T. Millar show with an appropriately simple handling a charming feeling for architectural quaintness. "Pittsburg," by John Edwin Jackson, is an interesting impression. The drawing in the background is too definite to give the proper suggestion of atmospheric vagueness, but the treatment of the sordid homes in the foreground and of the children playing in the street is effective, and the artist has put into the contrasting nearness of the homes and mills something of its tragic meaning. "The Fourth Watch," by Charles Austin Needham, representing Christ walking the waves, achieves an impression of mystery. He would have achieved an impression of the miracle if he had made the waves look less like terra firma. "The Mystic," by Albert Prentice Button, is a delicate twilight river view, sure in its gradations of tone. R. Wilkinson in the "Mission of San Juan Capistrano," and Alon Bement in "1812" strike quiet notes of gray and brown, the gray and brown of old parchment. The feeling in this work is more interesting than its technical accomplishment.

The figure pieces are fewer and of lower average interest than the landscapes. The Beal prize was awarded to M. Petersen for the "Coppersmiths," an interior of a workshop with the four or five coppersmiths at work. The lighting and values in this picture are far from carrying authority, and there is on the whole more life and interest in the same artist's "Fruit Sellers." "Evening in the Park," a little pastel by Alfred Feinberg, and two park scenes by Marianna Sloan show alert observation of

typical bits of city life. Two scenes by F. Luis Mora, "New Americans" and the "Spanish Fair in Goya's Time," make with considerable cleverness a show of realism that keeps an eye out for theatrical effectiveness. "A Study of John Burroughs," by Mathilde de Cordoba, is, on the whole, the best of the few portraits in the exhibition.

In the November *Bulletin* the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts announces important acquisitions. A Holbein portrait of the Basle period, dated 1517, shows the master near his beginning. In the strong shadow and a bas-relief in the background we see his keen attention to chiaroscuro. The interest of a colossal Triton, strikingly like a Rubens, but probably by Van Dyck in his Genoese period, is chiefly technical. Artists will appreciate better than laymen what a splendid bit of flesh painting it is—solid, harmonious, brilliant. The Museum is to increase its Egyptian collections. A. M. Lythgoe has been called from a curatorship in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, to take charge of this new work. Most of his time for the near future will be spent in actual excavations in Egypt. In the department of classical sculpture the collections are the richer by a marble statue of Eirene, headless and armless, but of beautiful execution, being an early Empire copy of a Greek original of the fifth or fourth century, B. C. It is more attractive than its duplicate, the much restored Eirene and Ploutos of the Munich Glyptothek. In the New York example, the style of the draperies is in every way more refined, as may be seen from the parallel illustrations in the *Bulletin*.

Some eighty of the Whistler etchings and dry points from the royal collection at Windsor Castle, and some eighty others, principally from the collection of the late J. H. Hutchinson, are now on view for the month at Wunderlich's gallery in this city. The 161 numbers of the collection offer a comprehensive view of the scope and development of Whistler's art on copper. Among the finest and rarest pieces are several examples of the Amsterdam series, representing Whistler's latest manner.

An exhibition of Rembrandt etchings, dry points, and drawings may be seen at Koppel's gallery in this city. There has been nothing for some years in New York to equal this collection of Rembrandt prints, and though it makes no pretence to being exhaustive, the ninety examples are a large number to be found together in America. They represent in proofs of beautiful quality the three great classes of Rembrandt prints: the portraits, the landscapes, and the Scriptural pieces. It is interesting to note in this exhibition how much Legros, the greatest living etcher, owes to Rembrandt.

The 102d annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts will open on January 21 and close on February 24. The exhibition of water colors, pastels, and works in black and white will follow in March.

J. Pierpont Morgan has given permission for a popular edition of the privately printed catalogue of his porcelains, loaned to the Museum. This admirable handbook, prepared by William

L. Laffan, will soon be accessible in an inexpensive form.

In the excavations at Cape Sunium in Attica, carried on by the ephor, B. Stais, two colossal archaic statues have come to light. As early as 1884 Dr. W. Dörpfeld's excavations at Sunium revealed the fact that the marble temple of Poseidon—to which belong the twelve columns still *in situ*—is built on the foundations of an older temple. It has been conjectured that this older temple was destroyed by the Persians in 480 B. C. The newly found statues probably fell on the ground during that catastrophe, and when later, in the second half of the fifth century B. C., the temple of Poseidon was erected, they were built into the terrace and thus saved for posterity. They belong to the so-called "Apollo" series, of which the Apollo of Tenea in the Glyptothek at Munich is the most noted example. The Sunium figures are said to surpass this statue both in execution and in artistic conception. They are of good preservation, though one figure has lost its head; it is possible, however, that this will still be found in the excavations.

The site of the ancient Phœnician city of Motye has been purchased by Mr. Whitaker, and this month excavations are to be started under the supervision of Professor A. Salinas, the director of the National Museum in Palermo. Motye, near the western extremity of Sicily, was one of the three strongholds to which the Phœnicians retired when the Greeks of the eighth and seventh centuries B. C. began to establish themselves in Sicily. It is hoped that the excavations will shed some light on the history and art of Phœnicia—a subject on which our direct information is scanty.

Paul Cézanne, the painter, died recently at the age of sixty-six, at Aix-en-Provence, his native city, whither he retired some years ago. He went to Paris a little before the war of 1870, for the purpose of studying painting. For ten years he worked almost exclusively in the Louvre, copying chiefly the French artists of the eighteenth century and the Venetians. Meantime, in the suburbs of Paris or in his native country, he painted landscapes, which, whether from negligence or from a temperamental inability to carry his work to a finish, he left usually in the incomplete condition of sketches. This peculiarity led him, to his horror, to be classed in the impressionist group. But though he regarded his art as classic in tendency, his preoccupation with the problems of light clearly relates him to the luminists. His landscape, however, is a late reflection of Corot, and in carrying on the Corot tradition he showed the way to many young artists who had revolted from the impressionist formula. As exemplifying thus a somewhat conservative tendency which adopted some of the qualities of the impressionists, he found himself the head of a school, and exercised a wide and wise influence.

Samuel J. Kitson, the sculptor, died in this city last Friday at the age of fifty-eight. He was born in England, but he pursued most of his art studies in Rome, where he became imbued with the religious spirit which marked much of his later work. He came to this country in 1878, after having won many prizes in Europe.

The first year he was in New York he modelled busts of Longfellow, Bishop Potter, Ole Bull, Samuel J. Tilden, and others. Among his other works are the Sheridan Monument at Arlington, Va.; the frieze of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument at Hartford, Conn., and a medallion for the Holy Cross Cathedral in Boston.

Science.

THE MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS IN CAMBRIDGE.

CAMBRIDGE, England, October 29.

On October 25, the Senate of the University of Cambridge adopted a plan for thorough reform of the Mathematical Tripos, which had been prepared by the Special Board of Mathematics. The first part of the proposal was a rearrangement of the mathematical requirements for a degree, and the second part abolished the traditional ranking according to merit in Part I. of the Tripos, and with it the Senior Wrangler. This last change meant the surrender of the chief glory of the Tripos, as the prestige of the Senior Wrangler, which goes back more than a century, has been world wide. It is no wonder that the greatest opposition was to this part of the reform. The leaders of the forces against the change consisted for the most part of the older mathematicians and honor men who had gone into other kinds of work, while for it were the mathematicians and scientists who are actively teaching mathematics and kindred subjects and who had great influence because they were best prepared to know present conditions. Every one, however, felt that some change was needed.

Twenty years ago the whole of mathematics taught here, beyond the most elementary subjects, was centred around the Mathematical Tripos; but since then the number of candidates for the Tripos has fallen off about half, while those in physics and engineering have increased largely. It is hoped that the new plan will improve matters, not by restricting pure mathematics, but by bringing about a closer relationship between pure and applied. So absorbing is the preparation for the Mathematical Tripos examinations, that the candidates have little time or inclination to study scientific applications. On the other hand, as mathematics is not classed in the Science and Engineering Triposes, lectures in it are rarely or never elected by students in the Science Tripos, who certainly need a moderate amount of higher mathematics. That is, study in pure mathematics now ends with most students of physics when they enter the University. Fortunately, this evil is diminished by the fact that the schools are prepared to carry their scholars through the calculus.

The examinations, since 1882, of candidates for honors in mathematics are divided into two parts. Men who obtain honors in Part I. are graded according to merit, with the Senior Wrangler at the head. Then those who have obtained sufficient honor are eligible to that "nightmare of examinations," called Part II. In this there are four examiners, and generally about as many candidates who have been found willing to go through the ordeal. So

special and difficult are the questions that it is pure chance if a brilliant student answer one of them completely. Nor does the Senior Wrangler of Part I. have any surety of being able to get even a place in the first class of Part II. The proposed change is a relatively easy Tripos, taken after one or two years of residence, which shall be called the Mathematical Tripos Part I. In this, difficult analytical developments will be omitted, and stress will be laid on fundamental physical and mathematical conceptions. Candidates will then pass on, either to physics, engineering, or mathematics proper. It is believed that in this way more men will pass through the Mathematical Tripos, and that the number of mathematical teachers and investigators may be retained at the old level, a result to be desired in the interests of research. For the mathematical students who are to be teachers and investigators there is to be the Mathematical Tripos, Part II. The tripos will contain some elementary questions, so that, as heretofore, the man whose mathematical ability is not of the highest and who will make a successful schoolmaster, can obtain his degree in honors. For the rest, it is a compromise between the "second four days" of the present Part I. and the present Part II. There will be no Senior Wrangler in Part I. with its elementary subjects.

The plan seems to be eminently reasonable. Cambridge since the time of Newton has about monopolized the teaching and writing in mathematics in England, and today students from all parts of the world come here to carry on this tradition. That the best mathematicians here, Profs. Sir Robert Ball, Sir George Darwin, Forsyth, Hopkinson, Larmor, and J. J. Thomson, are responsible for this reform, argues much for its need and its success.

The Behavior of the Lower Organisms. By H. S. Jennings. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.

The tenth volume of the Columbia Biological Series, entitled "The Behavior of the Lower Organisms," by Prof. H. S. Jennings, brings together some of the most recent results in a subject known to the older naturalists as the study of instincts. Behavior, as understood by the author, includes instincts as well as simple reflex movements, and also the so-called tropisms or orienting reactions shown by the lower forms of animal and plant life. Two opposed theoretical points of view are held at present by workers in this field. On the one hand the animal is described as turning directly away from or towards a stimulus, hence as orienting itself positively or negatively. This is the point of view of the tropism theory, advocated by Loeb especially, who follows the earlier botanists. Opposed to this interpretation is that maintained by Jennings, who shows by many closely followed experiments that the orientation takes place from the "selection of overproduced movements," that is, by the method of "trial and error." The behavior of one of the lower animals may be compared to that of a blind man who runs into a wall, backs away from it, turning at the same time a little to the right or left, towards "a structurally defined side," and then advances again only to run into the wall at

a different point. He reacts again in the same way, and strikes the wall at a new point. In time he either finds the end of the wall and passes by it, or the turning may suffice to start him off in a new direction, when he continues to move forward in a straight line until he runs foul of another obstacle. While the earlier writers looked upon external stimuli as the cause of movements, Professor Jennings looks upon the movement as a necessary consequence of the "metabolic changes" that take place in the animal. From this point of view external stimuli only prevent continuous movement forward in the same direction.

Another general point of view emphasized by the author is that the great variety of behavior shown by the lower organisms depends on their "physiological states." Each motion or change of motion, may in itself induce a change in the "physiological state" of the animal, so that a second time it behaves differently to the same external stimulus. This is only a general recognition of the familiar fact that a man after a square meal behaves differently from the same man hungry. Applied to the lower organisms the idea appears to unlock many of the vagaries of their behavior. The older tropism theory looks upon the behavior of the lower animals and plants as stereotyped and regular, but Professor Jennings's observations emphasize the differences rather than the similarities of behavior.

The life habits of amoeba and paramoecium are treated in minute detail in the opening chapters; other infusoria fill the remainder of the first part. Part II. deals with the behavior of the sea anemone and its allies; Part III. deals with the results described in the preceding chapters in somewhat more general terms. Conflicting theories are weighed and analyzed. The closing chapters consider the evolution of behavior. Here the author points out that the experiences acquired by the individual may be transmitted directly to the descendants, wherever the descendants arise by direct division of the parent's body—a common method of reproduction of the protozoa. The wonder is, if such transmitted experience is possible, that these organisms have learned so little throughout the ages, and that still, after all their experiences, they go blundering ahead with their overproduced movements. As though appreciating this objection, the author accepts the theory of natural selection as a more probable hypothesis of the origin of the behavior than the inheritance of acquired characters; that kind of behavior of the individuals that is most conformable with survival being selected. It is assumed that "random movements" offer a better solution of the complexities of existence of the organisms than definite turning movements. However this may be, the fact remains that the animals continue their overproduced movements despite the experience of each generation tending to short-cuts and to the selection of more definite modes of reaction.

Professor Jennings's admirable presentation of the results of his observations in this most attractive field of study will appeal to professionals and laymen. The style of the book is clear, straightforward, and convincing. Some repetition of state-

ment seems necessary, and may serve to emphasize the main points.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science will hold its fifty-sixth meeting in this city December 27 to January 1, with Columbia University as the place for most of the sessions. In addition to the American Association, about twenty affiliated societies will hold meetings here at the same time. Among them are the American Society of Naturalists, the Astronomical and Astrophysical Society of America, the American Physical Society, the American Chemical Society, the Geological Society of America, the Botanical Society of America, the Society for Horticultural Science, the Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Science, the American Society of Zoologists, the Association of Economic Entomologists, the American Society of Vertebrate Paleontologists, the Society of American Bacteriologists, the American Physiological Society, the Association of American Anatomists, the American Anthropological Association, the American Psychological Association, and the American Philosophical Association. The first general session will be held at 10 o'clock Thursday morning, December 27, when the retiring president, Prof. C. M. Woodward of Washington will introduce the president of the meeting, Dr. William H. Welch of Johns Hopkins University. At night the retiring president will deliver an address, and the trustees of Columbia will give a reception. Friday evening is reserved for dinners and meetings of special societies and groups. On Saturday afternoon, in the American Museum of Natural History, will be the unveiling of ten marble busts of pioneers of American science, presented to the institution by its president, Morris K. Jesup. In the evening there will be a reception at the New York Academy of Medicine, with an exhibition of scientific progress by the Academy, including demonstrations and short addresses. In the course of the session meetings will also be held at the New York Botanical Garden, the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research, and the College of the City of New York. The American Association is divided into ten sections. The officers who will preside over them at the coming meeting are as follows:

Section A, mathematics and astronomy, Dr. Edward Kasner, New York; B, physics, Prof. W. C. Sabine, Cambridge, Mass.; C, chemistry, Clifford Richardson, New York; D, mechanical science and engineering, W. R. Warner, Cleveland, O.; E, geology and geography, Prof. A. C. Lane, Lansing, Mich.; F, zoology, Prof. E. G. Conklin, Philadelphia; G, botany, Dr. D. T. MacDougal, Washington, D. C.; H, anthropology, Prof. Hugo Münsterberg, Cambridge, Mass.; I, social and economic science, Charles A. Conant, New York; K, physiology and experimental medicine, Dr. Simon Flexner, New York.

The official speakers will be:

Section A, W. S. Eichelberger, United States Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C.; B, Henry Crew, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.; C, C. F. Mabery, Case School, Cleveland, O.; D, F. W. McNair, Michigan College of Mines, Houghton, Mich.; E, William North Rice, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.; F, H. B. Ward, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.; G, Erwin F. Smith, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.; H, George Grant MacCurdy, Yale University; I, Irving Fisher, Yale University;

K, William T. Sedgwick, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston.

One of the most important ethnological expeditions sent out from Harvard University in recent years is being organized by the Peabody Museum for the object of collecting information about the little-known Indian tribes located on the eastern slopes of the Andes Mountains in South America. The members of the party, which is to be absent about three years, will be Dr. W. C. Farabee, instructor in anthropology, who will head the expedition; Louis J. de Milhau, '06, and J. W. Hastings, '05. A physician will also be included. The headquarters of the expedition will be at Arequipa, Peru, where Harvard has its South American astronomical observatory. The party will seek to reach the tribes near the headwaters of the Amazon and Parana. This region has never been traversed by American scientists, and the reports upon it by Europeans are meagre and relate to only a small part of the territory.

A complete report of the German expedition made under the leadership of Dr. Rosen to Abyssinia, is to be published in the near future under the title "Eine deutsche Gesandtschaft in Abessinien," with about 160 illustrations. The expedition, consisting of nineteen Europeans, traversed some 2,000 kilometres, visiting, among other places, the Gala districts, the headwaters of the Blue Nile, and the ancient Aksum.

The International Commission of Scientific Aeronautics held its fifth conference at Milan during the first week of October. The members visited Pavia, where M. Gamba conducted them through the observatory, and liberated two *ballons-sondes*. At one of the sessions Dr. Erk urged the necessity of making ascents near or among the Alps, in order to study local phenomena, such as the Föhn. In a discussion of the relative value of *ballons-sondes* and kites for atmospheric study to a height of 5,000 metres, the balloons were strongly urged by Professor Hergesell, while kites were considered as far preferable by Gen. Rykatchew and M. Berson. A paper on American ascents of *ballons-sondes* was given by Prof. A. Lawrence Rotch, director of Blue Hill Observatory. M. Teisserenc de Bort gave an account of the expedition to equatorial regions of the Atlantic, organized by Mr. Rotch and himself, from which exceedingly good results were obtained. In the upper air far lower temperatures were recorded over the Equator than at corresponding heights in temperate latitudes, a result contrary to expectation. Future conferences will be held every three years.

The recently published report of Prof. H. H. Turner of the Oxford University Observatory for the year ending April 30, 1906, directs attention to the fact that the working staff is chiefly busy with proof-reading of the Oxford section of the "Astrographic Catalogue," and little new work has been attempted. The catalogue will consist of eight volumes, of which the first is now practically ready, and its printing begun. It contains the measures of 66,000 star-images on 160 plates.

Among other scientific papers contained in the seventy-third annual report of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society, is a

verbatim account of one of Sir Norman Lockyer's lectures, "An Early Chapter in the History of Cornwall." He explains that the work he has inaugurated with reference to the mysterious stone circles and other stone monuments has but just begun. Yet evidence seems to him already conclusive that their erection depended upon the utilitarian necessity for regulating the calendar by observations of celestial timekeepers. In his opinion, Cornwall researches amply confirm similar conclusions resulting from the study of Egyptian temples. Photographs of the principal circles, "The Hurlers" and "The Merry Maidens," are shown in lantern slides, and maps and tables prove the wonderful similarity of purpose in the sight-lines, even when, owing to local conditions, their directions are dissimilar.

J. Philippe Lagrula, of the University of Lyons, has been appointed by the Ecuador Government as director of the observatory at Quito.

One of the most important questions now before chemists is the procuring of a new source of nitrogen (N), an essential element in a fertilizer. At present there are three sources of nitrogen for agricultural purposes: first, natural deposits of nitrates, such as those in Chili, which are insufficient for future need; second, organic waste, blood, tankage, fish or meat scrap, ordinary stable manure, and sewage, enormous quantities of which are recklessly thrown into the ocean—a waste of just what, with chemical change, the world needs; and, third, the nitrogen of the air, which in special cases is made available by certain bacteria that live only on pod-bearing plants, such as garden peas. For years chemists, aware of this yearly depletion, have striven to draw on the inexhaustible supply of atmospheric nitrogen. It must be combined chemically to make ammonia (NH₃), which bacteria convert into a form suitable for plant life, or it must undergo some other chemical change producing the same result. The problem, therefore, has been to convert the nitrogen of the air into ammonia or into nitrates themselves, which fertilize the soil without change by bacteria. It is now believed that practicable methods of using the nitrogen of the air have been discovered. Two important papers were recently read on this subject. The first by Professor K. Birkeland, before the Faraday Society in London; the second, by Professor Adolph Frank, before the International Congress of Applied Chemistry in Rome. The first paper was on the Birkeland-Eyde process in Norway, in which nitrate fertilizer is made by electric arc discharges through the air. The combination of the nitrogen and oxygen of the air, together with water, makes the nitric acid; and that in turn is easily converted to calcium nitrate, available for plant food. The second paper was on the cyanamide process in Italy, in which nitrogen distilled from liquid air is passed over calcium carbide in an electric furnace, forming calcium cyanamide (CaCN₂). This, with water, yields ammonia gas (NH₃), in which the nitrogen is indirectly available for plant food. By an extension of this process the oxygen of the liquid air, which distills at a higher temperature than the nitrogen, can be used to oxidize

the ammonia to nitric acid. This method of making the acid is claimed to be more efficient than the Birkeland-Eyde process. It has been reported that there is one drawback to the cyanamide process, for recent experiments show a detrimental effect of the cyanamide on seed germination. This fact makes it undesirable to employ the cyanamide directly on the soil.

Edmund Howd Miller, professor of analytical chemistry and assaying at Columbia University, died last Thursday of typhoid fever. Born in 1869, he graduated from the Columbia School of Applied Science in 1891; in 1892 he received the M.A., and two years later the Ph.D. From the position of assistant in chemistry he rose rapidly to a full professorship in 1904. He had complete charge of the department of analytical chemistry since Dr. Rickett retired seven years ago. He has written several treatises, the most important of which is "Quantitative Analysis for Mining Engineers." He was chairman of the New York division of the American Chemical Society, and he was also a member of the executive committee of the Society of Chemical Industry of London.

Finance.

THE DEFICIT IN NEW YORK BANK RESERVES.

Last Saturday the weekly statement of the New York Associated Banks, showing a "deficit in reserve," threw the money market into commotion. It was particularly noted that this was the third deficit of the year, the others having occurred in the statements of September 8 and April 7; that not since 1899 had any year included three "deficit weeks"; that not since 1899 had three deficits occurred in three separate months; and that the statement foreshadowed extremely high rates for money. In view of these facts, it is worth while to consider in detail what such recurrent "deficit" really signifies as to banking operations, what it involves to the borrowing community, and what is the duty of public officers in regard to it.

The National Bank act of 1864, as subsequently amended, provides that whenever the holdings of lawful money (excluding, of course, bank notes) in the hands of a national bank in specified "reserve" cities falls below the ratio of 25 per cent. to its deposits, and whenever the similar holdings of a national bank elsewhere fall below 15 per cent., such a bank "shall not increase its liabilities by making any new loans or discounts, otherwise than by purchasing bills of exchange payable at sight," until the prescribed ratio is restored. In other words, liabilities must not be increased. Lending on bills of exchange is excepted, because that is a means of drawing foreign gold and replenishing reserves. The Comptroller of the Currency may warn a bank showing such deficiency to make good its reserve at once. If it fail to do so within thirty days he may, with the concurrence of the Secretary of the Treasury, force it to stop business.

He may do so, not *must*—an important distinction. There are two ways in which the ratio of reserve to deposits may be

brought below the 25 per cent. dead-line. A market's currency reserves may be drained by demands of interior centres, by gold exports, or by the accumulation of cash in the national Treasury. Unless loans are cut down in a still larger degree, the 25 per cent. reserve, which is required in New York city, may thereby be impaired. Or, without any actual loss of cash, deposit liabilities may be so increased, through the making of loans at a reckless rate, that the reserve will be less than the legal ratio. The outright drain on the reserves is worst in such panics as that of 1893, when bank depositors are withdrawing and hoarding money; the undue expansion of loans is commonly seen in "boom times," when every one is speculating and borrowing, and the banks are providing the credits. In a panic, the fall of the reserve below 25 per cent. may be wholly unavoidable; in the "boom," it is likely to result from recklessness. Hence the discretion on the part of the Government authorities, either to do nothing or to force the offending bank out of business.

In the present instance the banks were not brought to a deficit by influences beyond their own control. Money has indeed been drawn from New York partly by needs of active internal trade, partly by the Treasury's accumulations. Since the beginning of August, however, the Treasury has deposited \$18,000,000 in the banks; and \$40,000,000 gold has been imported; nevertheless the cash reserve of the New York Associated Banks has decreased \$35,000,000. But this is a perfectly familiar phenomenon of the season. It occurs because, when trade is dull at interior cities, bank liabilities light, and, therefore, need for reserve money reduced, interior banks send cash to New York. They do so, not only because they no longer need the currency, but because New York banks, which can lend on Wall Street at all seasons, offer 2 per cent. interest for use of this money of interior banks. With these fresh reserves, the New York banks expand their loans. In prudent banking, this expansion will be cautious, especially as autumn approaches; because at harvest, the interior bank will ask for its cash again. Tens of millions in actual currency must be sent to the farming districts to pay off hands; in addition, the trade of a prosperous farming season requires that inland banks themselves should increase loans to customers, and hence, should need more reserve money.

If New York banks have used these borrowed resources carefully—in particular, if, on the eve of the "interior demand," they have brought their reserves to a figure 10 or 15 per cent. above the bank law's minimum, the return of money is easy. This year, the New York banks did nothing of the sort. In the middle of last August, reserves stood at only 25% per cent. of deposits. With the banks in so weak a position, and with the largest legitimate interior demand in the history of the country just before them, powerful Wall Street capitalists, controlling certain important banks, started a stock speculation of such magnitude as to strain all the credit resources of New York. By September 8, a deficit was reported. With the help of the Treasury and the foreign markets, a surplus was restored; but it was perfectly evident that only by abandonment of Stock

Exchange speculation, sale of the stocks jacked up with borrowed money, and consequent reduction of bank liabilities, could normal conditions be restored. The gambling millionaires had no such intention; they continued their operations; as a result, in spite of help from Europe—at present apparently cut off—the banks are again below the required reserve.

One hears occasionally, even among intelligent people, that the 25 per cent. reserve is "for use when needed"; and that, since at this moment somebody needs it badly, nothing could be more commendable than "dipping into the reserve." Eminent financiers have suggested that, while the 25 per cent. requirement is well enough for dull midsummer markets, the ratio for the autumn ought to be put at 15 per cent. or less. This is absurd. The arbitrary 25 per cent. was fixed, not because that was exactly the sum required to meet a "run," but because some line has to be drawn beyond which deposit institutions must not inflate liabilities. In 1857, when American banks largely arranged such matters for themselves, and when half of them had lost their heads in wild speculation, an almost general bank suspension followed. Government and people learned the lesson. The required ratio for "reserve" cities might conceivably have been 15 per cent.; it might conceivably have been 35. Whatever it was, the business of the banks was to adhere to it. Under the circumstances their successive deficits of the present season have provided a chapter in American banking history of which no American can be proud.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Acton, Lord. Lectures on Modern History. Edited by John N. Figgis and Reginald V. Laurence. Macmillan Co. \$3.25.
 Adams, Oscar Fay. Sicut Patribus and Other Verse. Published by the author.
 Bady, J. T. Herbert. The Life of Lady Hamilton. F. A. Stokes Co.
 Barbour, Ralph Henry. A Maid of Arcady. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
 Baskerville, Beatrice C. The Polish Jew. Macmillan Co. \$2.50.
 Beard, D. C. The Field and Forest Hand Book. Scribner. \$2.
 Beard, Lina and Adelia B. Things Worth Doing. Scribner. \$2.
 Beet, Joseph Agar. A Manual of Theology. A. C. Armstrong & Son. \$2.75 net.
 Benson, Arthur Christopher. The House of Quiet. Dutton. \$2 net.
 Benson, E. F. Paul. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
 Birch-Tree Fairy Book. Edited by Clifton Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.75.
 Black, John Janvier. Eating to Live. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
 Bridgman, L. J. Seem-so's. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.
 Browning's Last Ride Together. Putnam. \$1.75.
 Carpenter, George R. English Grammar. Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.
 Cesaresco, Eugenio Martinego. The Psychology and Training of the Horse. Imported by Scribner. \$3.50 net.
 Chatterbox, 1906. Dana Estes & Co. \$1.25.
 Chevrillon, André. Un Crépuscule d'Islam. Paris.
 Clark, Imogen. Santa Claus's Sweetheart. Dutton. \$1.25.
 Clifford, Mollie Lee. Polly: The Autobiography of a Parrot. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co. \$1.25.
 Connor, Ralph. The Doctor. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.50.
 Cook, E. Wake. Betterment: Individual, Social and Industrial. F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.50 net.
 Cooke, George Willis. A Bibliography of James Russell Lowell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Couplin, H., and John Lea. The Romance of Animal Arts and Crafts. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$1.50 net.
 Crouse, Elizabeth. Algiers. James Pott & Co.
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 Dickens's Sketches of Young Couples. H. M. Caldwell Co.
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 Dickson, Harris. Gabrielle, Transgressor. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
 Duff, E. Gordon. The Printers, Stationers, and Bookbinders of Westminster and London. Putnam. \$1.75 net.
 Edwards, William Seymour. Through Scandinavia to Moscow. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Co. \$1.50 net.

Everybody's Cyclopaedia. F. A. Stokes Co.
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 Foster, John W. The Practice of Diplomacy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$3 net.
 Friendly Town, The. Compiled by E. V. Lucas. Henry Holt & Co.
 Gambier, J. W. Links in my Life on Land and Sea. Dutton. \$3.50 net.
 Garrison, George Pierce. Westward Extension. Harpers. \$2 net.
 Genung, John Franklin. The Hebrew Literature of Wisdom. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2 net.
 George, Henry, Jr. The Romance of John Bainbridge. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
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 Lee, Sidney. Stratford-on-Avon. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
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 Macdonnell, Anne. Touraine and its History. Dutton. \$6 net.
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 Maclean, Douglas. Reason, Thought, and Language. Henry Frowde. 15s. net.
 Macray, William Dunn. A Register of the Members of St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford. Vol. V. Henry Frowde.
 Macvane, Edith. The Adventures of Joutou. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
 Manuel Historique de la Question du Slave. Copenhagen.
 Massee, George. Text-Book of Fungi. Macmillan Co. \$2 net.
 Mason, Tom. The Von Blumers. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1.50 net.
 McCarthy, Dennis A. Voices from Erin. Boston: Angel Guardian Press.
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